

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## *Cross and Tomb*

By FRANCIS SULLIVAN, D.D.

## *Do Converts Deteriorate?*

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## *Easter: The Meaning to Us of Christ's Resurrection*

*To the READERS OF THE SIGN.*

*My Dear Friends:*

*The interference with the laws of nature by which Jesus Christ miraculously rose from the dead is His own certificate in proof of His mission and claims.*

*Before His death on the Cross He told an unbelieving generation that the only sign He would give them of His Divinity was that He would rebuild the temple of His body in three days.*

*It was only natural, therefore, that His Apostles began their evangelization of the world by proclaiming the FACT of the Resurrection*

*They were convinced that if this article of the Christian creed were accepted, all other articles would be accepted with it.*

*They were likewise convinced that were Christ not risen from the dead, their own preaching was vain and their converts' faith was vain.*

*What does Christ's Resurrection mean to us Catholics today?*

*It means that our religion is not a man-made religion but that it was revealed and instituted by a Divine Person.*

*It means that our Catholic Faith is the knowledge of truth and not mere guesses at truth.*

*It means that our religion is not simply a mixture of commands and prohibitions, but that it is preëminently the worship of a Person.*

*It means that with this Person we have relationships—not the relationships we might have with dead heroes whose high deeds and noble lives can at best serve as examples and inspirations.*

*It means that our relationships with this Person are intimate and heart-felt communings with a Divine Being.*

*It means that Christ, risen from the dead and clothed in His Glorified Manhood, is not a mere memory but a Living Reality.*

*It means that He is our King Who actually reigns over the empire of souls, purchased by His Precious Blood.*

*It means that through prayer and the sacramental system of the Church He is in constant intercourse with millions of human beings to whom He communicates His grace, in whom personal love for Him is cultivated and grows.*

*The Resurrection means the life beyond the grave of our own dear dead, for, as St. Paul says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."*

*It means that we ourselves shall pass from death to life; that we shall see our own dead in the old form but clothed with an immortal brightness, and shall be happy with them in the courts of the Eternal Christ!*

*Faithfully yours in the same Christ,*

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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Volume Six

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## Current Fact and Comment

### *The Risen Christ*

IMMORTALITY is the gift to us of God our Creator. The promise of a blissful immortality is the gift of Christ our Redeemer.

Immortality—continued life after death in another world—is as absolutely inevitable as death itself. Whether immortality for the individual be a curse or a blessing depends on the individual himself. It is a terrible thing to say that, for some, immortality will be nothing short of an eternal curse. That it can be, for all an eternal blessing, we have Christ's own word.

Unfortunately, the temper of many American minds renders them totally unconcerned about their eternal future; and the saddest proof of this is the increasing number of suicides in our country. We are familiar with the pitiful suicides of the sick and aged who in paroxysms of pain try to end all. This kind of suicide belongs to all ages of civilization. But the recent epidemic of youthful suicides in the United States is a startling witness to the fact that the awful realities of eternity are easily lost sight of and that the Christian religion exercises little influence in our college and university education. The increase in young suicides must be taken also as a positive symptom of what is passing as conviction in the minds of many of our countrymen.

If we have hope in this life only, then are we of all men the most miserable. But, thank God, we have the Risen Christ with His comforting message that this life, whatever its trials and hardships, is only a brief preface to an unending life, that earthly sorrows are but the roots of heavenly joys, and that a cross is a crown begun.

### *The Chief Cause Omitted*

THE Sub-Committee of the New York State Crime Committee sent out to clergymen, newspaper writers, business men, teachers, lawyers and social workers a questionnaire touching the causes of juvenile delinquency and crime. Ten outstanding causes were suggested in the replies. These are:

1. Bad companionship.
2. Declining respect for authority.
3. Lack of home supervision due to the death, separation or desertion of either parent.
4. Delays in the administration of justice.
5. Too much leniency to criminals.
6. Lack of home supervision resulting from daily employment of father and mother.
7. Newspaper publicity of crime news.
8. Money-madness caused by the commercialization of all life activities.
9. The practice of hanging around pool rooms.
10. Lack of real responsibilities or duties for young people.

Undoubtedly every one of these causes is a factor in youthful crime. But we are surprised to find that the chief cause—lack of religious training and education—has been left out, unless it is included in lack of home supervision. The home, with all that it implies of good example and practical religion, is unfortunately but rapidly disappearing. Under the stress of poverty both parents may be obliged to work for wages. But in many cases no real need for such a sit-

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uation exists, and where it does exist proper safeguards should be taken that children may not be permitted to run wild in evil and criminal companionship. Above all, parents should remember that their children will have little if any respect for their authority or that of the civil powers unless the children are definitely taught to heed the voice of God and reverence His authority.

### *Pre-Nuptial Promises*

*The Independent* in its February number has an editorial entitled "Against Binding the Unborn." It is an interesting editorial not only by reason of the fair and liberal spirit in which it is written, but also because of the importance of the question at issue. Referring to a Bill which is being introduced by the Ku-Klux Klan into the Massachusetts State Legislature to forbid pre-nuptial contracts covering the religious training of future children, *The Independent*, however reluctantly, dissents from the Roman Catholic position and agrees with the Klan because "after weighing the considerations on both sides we conclude that the souls of unborn babes are not the proper objects of contracts collectible on delivery."

Now this is said so well and with such plausibility that there will be many who will agree both with the Klan and *The Independent*. However, with all respect we submit the question: Has *The Independent* weighed the considerations on both sides? Would *The Independent* consider it a restriction of the liberties of an unborn child if its parents decided beforehand to teach it the Multiplication Table, or the Ten Commandments, or the Constitution of the United States? Is a pre-nuptial agreement to teach the unborn child the first principles of morality—good must be done and evil avoided—a restriction of liberty?

When a young Protestant couple are entering into the contract of matrimony whether they consider it holy or not, surely, if they be Christians, they have the fixed will, resolution and determination, as strong as any promise written or unwritten, to give the children with whom God may bless them, a mental, moral and spiritual training. The same may be said of any Catholic couple or Jewish couple, or for that matter, of any decent atheistic couple. Will the Klan now seek to bring about legislation against this as a criminal binding of the unborn child? Surely *The Independent* knows, even if the Klan doesn't, that every child, born or unborn, has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;

but it has also a right to something equally precious—the knowledge of the Truth, whether that Truth be mathematical, moral or religious, and this, at least in part, is the right which the Catholic Church seeks to safeguard by the pre-nuptial promise. The Catholic Church believes that she has a commission from Jesus Christ to teach all nations the truth about God and eternal life, and she strives to share this good thing with every child of Adam. In a word, the message of the Catholic Church to mankind is: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." (JOHN: 17/17.) It may be too much to expect *The Independent* to admit the Catholic Church's premises, but surely such a respectable magazine will not withhold admiration for the logic and courage of her conclusions.

Again *The Independent* must know that when a Protestant young man seeks matrimony with a Catholic young lady, it may be supposed that he thinks her religion at least as good as his, and so there is no odious strain on his conscience if he be asked to promise that their children be brought up in the Catholic Faith. If, on the other hand, he have conscientious objections against such a promise, the Catholic Church will never ask him to make it. In such a case she will either endeavor to discountenance the union or settle the matter by a dispensation.

Finally we submit for *The Independent's* consideration, that, if all the State Legislatures passed a law obliging parties contemplating matrimony to sign a promise to give their children a Public School education, or any other education (except Catholic), the Klan would applaud vociferously, thus proving, if proof were needed, that when the Catholic Church is in question the poor bigots substitute spleen for reason.

### *Literature for Rural Missions*

SOME months ago we published an article on the attitude of the North Carolinians to the Church. At its conclusion our readers were requested to remail their Catholic papers to non-Catholics with whose names and addresses we would furnish them. We are happy to say that about five hundred readers answered our appeal.

Now comes a request from the seminarians of St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., an interesting phase of whose work in behalf of Rural Catholic Life is the remailing of Catholic newspapers and magazines to the families living in small missions and rural districts of the northwest. Too many Catholics in such places are

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visited only once a month by priests who have from three to five missions under their care, and the religious instruction is necessarily inadequate. This need, it has been found, can be supplied to a great extent by Catholic periodicals. Readers of *THE SIGN* are asked to help these fellow-Catholics less favored with the consolations and knowledge of their religion by becoming remailers, that is, by passing on the papers and magazines after they have read them.

Every one who subscribes to a Catholic publication can do his or her share in the Apostolic work of making Christ better known and loved. Just a note to Reverend R. G. Bandas, St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., mentioning the names of the papers or magazines you will be willing to remail, will bring you the address of a rural family with information as to postal rates.

### Archbishop Canevin

IT is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of the Most Reverend J. F. Regis Canevin, titular, Archbishop of Pelusium and former Bishop of Pittsburgh. In his passing the Church in America loses one of the most scholarly and saintliest in the hierarchy. Archbishop Canevin was born in Pennsylvania, June 5, 1852. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1879, and was consecrated coadjutor bishop to Bishop Phelan on February 24, 1903, and succeeded him in the See of Pittsburgh the 20th of December, 1904.

During his eighteen years as head of the diocese he worked unostentatiously but most energetically. Under his direction not only was the present cathedral built, but the churches of the diocese increased from 134 to more than 300. He was the founder of the DePaul institute, one of the largest and finest oral private schools for the deaf in this country. He also established the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine to catechize the children in sparsely settled districts. In 1921 there was 700 teachers instructing 18,000 children who otherwise would have had no systematic religious instruction. Besides organizing the band of diocesan missionaries, he founded The Missionary Aid Society which has done such gigantic work for the home and foreign missions.

Archbishop Canevin was amongst the first to encourage retreats for women. He brought the Passionist Nuns from Italy for this purpose and gave them their first foundation in the Western Hemisphere. It was due largely to his active

encouragement that the Passionist Fathers established St. Paul's Laymen's Retreat House. He invited eighteen new religious Orders of women to the diocese.

During his régime the diocese grew from a population of 250,000 to 500,000 and the parochial-school attendance increased from 30,000 to 70,000. The number of hospitals was trebled.

At the high tide of his accomplishments he resigned his diocese and retired to McKeesport where he lived the balance of his days in the obscure office of chaplain to the Felician Sisters.

The great and good Archbishop Canevin is beyond our praise and does not need it. His life and work should prove, as undoubtedly they will prove, an inspiration to our American priests and bishops. May his soul rest in peace.

### Disintegrating Protestantism

IN THE March issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* the Reverend Herbert Parrish, rector of an Episcopalian church in New Jersey, has an article entitled "The Break-Up of Protestantism." Its thesis is that "Protestantism as an organized religious force is moribund and shows signs of a rapid disintegration."

Maintaining that Protestantism in its break with authority is logically forced to make a clean sweep of its former holdings, the author suggests:

And it is greatly to be wished that, in the process of housecleaning, Protestantism shall sweep out into the dust heap of time its own superstitions and hypocrisies, its petty partisanship and false loyalties, its narrow nationalisms and racial peculiarities, its sentimental cant, its vapid prayer meetings, its redundant and verbose liturgies, its stodgy services, its preposterous confessions of faith, its bigotry and prejudices, its padded and fictitious martyrologies, its smug self-satisfaction, its holier-than-thou pose, its lay popes, its fond and fanatical trust in secular legislation, its bitter intolerance, its suspicious and terrible emotionalisms, its assumption that mere negation constitutes salvation, and the thousand and one other Pecksniffian attributes that in its name have so often brought all religion into contempt among sensible people. Let the good work be thoroughly done this time, and not stopped by any premature armistice.

The first crack in the Protestant foundation was revealed in the failure of the Sunday-school:

The latest report indicates that there are now over twenty-seven millions of American children, nominally Protestant, not enrolled in any Sunday school. And quite reasonably. The Protestant Sunday School has no systematized religion to teach. . . . The Sunday school, now called the church school, has become the despair or the joke of the Protestant ministry everywhere. The attendance of both teachers and pupils is



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generally small and irregular. Few ministers are able to keep up any system of devotion, spiritual value, or inspiration among the young.

In contrast with the weakness of the Sunday school and hazy religious teaching is the parochial school with systematic instruction in definite dogmatic teaching:

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, with daily religious instruction in their schools, using the clear-cut, definite, and positive teaching of the Baltimore catechism, with its system of doctrine, discipline, and worship, with daily attendance at Mass, continued the authoritative teaching in which the Church and not the Bible was the final court of appeal. The result is patent. Ask any Roman Catholic child a fundamental question about his religion and you get a categorical answer. You may not agree with the answer, but it is an answer. Ask, on the other hand, almost any Protestant child a similar question—well, just try it and see for yourself. Our Protestant grandparents had at least some definite religion as children. The present generation has none.

Dividing and sub-dividing is the evil genius of Protestantism. The theory of private judgment results ultimately and logically in individualism and hence there can be no unity among Protestants:

There is, then, no hope of unity among Protestants. That idea must be quite definitely laid aside. The cut-throat methods of rivalry, of over-churching, will continue. Every little group in every new community, obsessed by some racial or social inferiority complex, will insist upon having an ecclesiastical background upon which to display itself. Our small towns will continue to be dotted with buildings called churches, more suitable for garages than for teocalis, without dignity, without beauty either inside or out, their few members struggling to keep the sheriff from closing the doors on account of the unpaid coal bill, and starving the very soul out of the poor wretch of a pastor who presides in the pulpit on Sundays. The only persons benefited by the system are the secretaries, bishops, presiding elders, archdeacons, missionary boards, and other paid remote functionaries who thrive on division and justify their salaries by the published records of new enterprises.

Mr. Parrish holds that the actual force that is disrupting Protestantism is the force of money. Church funds should be in the hands of the ministers and not in the hands of lay boards:

This is an idea very foreign, however, to the Protestant mind. Most Protestants, speaking religiously, regard the idea of handling filthy lucre as something improper for a spiritual man. They think of the saying in the Book of Acts about the serving of tables, but forget that other passage about laying the money derived from the sale of their lands at the apostles' feet. . . . In the Roman Church it is the clergy who handle the money yet, and there is no business in the world so well handled.

Now the minister is responsible for the financial success of every church. Even if he happens to be backed by some millionaire, he has attracted the

millionaire. If money does not come in as the result of his preaching and work, he is a failure. But it is the lay board, the vestry, the trustees, who take the money he secures, determine his salary, and pay the bills of the church. They themselves give usually but a small portion of the amount raised. The minister has a life-and-death stake in the matter. The laymen have none.

Protestantism may continue to exist as a tradition for what Mr. Parrish calls a 'passionate assertion of liberty and truth.' But as a spiritual influence it is bankrupt:

It is my conviction that the sooner Protestantism disappears from American life the better. Its narrow sectarian spirit, fostering division, incapable of a large synthesis of values, of unity, unfits it to represent our national religious life. Its differences of polity and doctrine, of forms and customs, do not justify the expense of its duplication of effort and upkeep. It does not answer to the deep needs of human nature. As a moral guide it is superficial, depending on the exterior force of state legislation to effect the redemption of the race. As a mystical experience it is sentimental, without intelligence, and with narrow vision. As a teaching force it is vague, negative, and uncertain. As an organization it is illogical and chaotic.

Are we Catholics to rejoice in the break-up of Protestantism? God knows that America has little enough religion as it is. But the very failure of the non-Catholic sects should urge Catholics to work all the more and to pray the harder that the honest people (and there are millions of them) who are discovering the weakness and falsity of Protestantism may return to the bosom of Christian truth and unity.

## Prayers for the Dead

THE newly revised Book of Common Prayer of the Anglican (Episcopalian) Church permits the public recital of prayers for the dead. That this permission will stir up the ire of the die-hards among the Evangelical element of that Church is now quite evident. They are already bemoaning the return to what they term a 'Popish practice.' But the vast majority of Anglicans will find consolation in this Catholic practice which so strongly appeals to one's human sympathies. Many years ago Dr. Wace, then Dean of Canterbury and ardently Evangelical in his religious convictions, thus expressed the divine-humanness of prayers for the dead: "After all, in the presence of the mysteries of death, and of the condition of those we have lost, what prayer could be more comforting than one which simply commends to our Father's gracious hands, through our Savior's merits and grace, the beloved soul after which we yearn?"



# Cross and Tomb

## *The Appeal of Jesus Crucified*

**I**T is the duty and privilege of every Catholic to profess faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. St. Peter gave emphatic expression to this belief on that memorable day at Cesarea Philippi, when, in answer to our Lord's question, "Whom do you say I am?" he exclaimed, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (MATT. 16/16.) The Church in her struggles with heresy has elaborated this into the stately words of the Nicene Creed: "I believe . . . . . in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God and born of the Father before all ages; God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God; begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father; by whom all things were made. Who for us men and for our salvation, came down from Heaven; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; and was made Man." Nor does she, "the pillar and ground of truth," shrink from declaring that "He was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, He suffered and was buried." For, on these very facts she bases her belief. Asked for a reason for the faith that is in her, she merely points to a glorified Cross and an empty Tomb.

In making this gesture she is supported by the very words of her Founder; for when "they understood not that He called God His Father, Jesus, therefore, said to them: When you shall have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall you know that I am He." (JOHN 8/28.) And when they asked of Him a sign, He said: "An evil and adulterous nation seeketh a sign: and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas, the Prophet. For as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights; so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." (MATT. 12/39-40.)

This may appear obscure to Catholics of the present day, because they do not realize what it means to have triumphed over the extreme humiliation of the Cross and the absolute finality of the Tomb, as they appeared to the people of that day.

To the Jews, the life of Jesus meant the uttermost failure; it was full of the most humiliating

BY FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

incidents; He was destined to be more completely forgotten than if He had never lived. He was born at Bethlehem in circumstances of extreme poverty. He grew up in Nazareth, a small village in the despised province of Galilee. His occupation of carpenter, while an honorable one, prevented Him, on account of His poverty, from attending the schools and acquiring the learning and title of rabbi or master. "And the Jews wondered, saying: How doth this man know letters, *having never learned?*" (JOHN 7/15.)

**A**LL these things were cast up to Him by His enemies during His life. Even those who hung on His words of divine wisdom and gazed astonished at His works of divine power must have been secretly influenced by these facts. Being Jews, they possessed the current idea of a Messiah who would be in his origin, his life and the circumstances of his life all that Jesus was not. When the storm of His Sacred Passion broke—a time, they thought, to employ His marvelous gift of eloquence and to exhibit His astonishing gift of miracles—they beheld Him deliberately silent and strangely powerless. He was as a man from whom the Divine afflatus had gone; if indeed, such was the influence under which He spoke and worked.

He became, in their eyes, a mere man to be judged by His deliberate utterances before a jury that would not be influenced by persuasive words or confused by startling miracles. It was a serious matter—a matter of life or death. Clothed in the majesty of the Law, the High-Priest asks Jesus in words that make an equivocal answer impossible: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us if thou be the Christ, the Son of God." As clearly and emphatically Jesus answered: "I am." (MATT. 26/63; MARK 14/62.) Then and there He is branded as a blasphemer, who, before the Romans reserved to themselves the death penalty, would have been immediately led forth and stoned to death. "And the Lord spoke to Moses saying: 'Bring forth the blasphemer without the camp. . . . and let the people stone him.'" (LEV. 24/13-16.) This incident was not only the first step

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into the deep waters of humiliation before the Jewish law, but it also shows that He died *because* He claimed to be the Son of God.

There follow in quick succession the scene before Pilate, where He is accused of being a common demagogue, exciting the people to rebellion; the scene before Herod where "Herod with his army set Him at naught." (LUKE 23/11.) What these words convey in terms of ignominy and disgrace, ridicule and contempt, it is impossible to imagine. We know only the climax of the affair when Jesus was sent back to Pilate clothed in a white garment—the distinctive garb of fools and idiots.

He goes back to the Antonia and to ignominies sufficient to blacken His name forever. Declared innocent by Pilate, He is strangely condemned to be scourged—not the Jewish scourging presided over by a kind-hearted judge, but the brutal Roman scourging inflicted only on slaves.

The lowest depths of shame and disgrace are sounded when Jesus is actually nailed to the Cross. "For he is accursed of God that hangeth on a tree." (DEUT. 21/23.) Nothing could more completely signify failure to Jewish minds; nothing could be more disgraceful than to fall under the curse of the law given them by God; nothing could be a clearer indication of the oblivion to which, they believed, His name and His person were destined. To triumph over such humiliations and such a curse would be to them the greatest miracle of His career. They said as much while He hung on the cross: "If He be the King of Israel, let Him come down from the Cross and we will believe Him." (MATT. 27/42.)

HERE is a greater miracle than that. To be victorious over *death*, after such disgrace, would be to the outside world a miracle beyond dispute. The Jews believed in the resurrection from the dead. To the pagan world, with only vague ideas about even immortality, it was an impossibility. When St. Paul broached the subject to the Athenians, they laughed him to scorn, they mocked him. (ACTS 17/32.) The Cross among the Jews and the Tomb among the pagans were the very symbols of failure, disgrace and oblivion. There was no triumph to be expected for One Who had hung on a Cross and no victory for One Who had been sealed in the Tomb. The final word on the career of Jesus of Nazareth would seem to have been written into the very Creed of His followers: "He suffered

under Pontius Pilate, was crucified; died and was buried."

Then, through the gloom of Calvary appears a ray of glory; from the silence of the Tomb is heard a voice: "Be not affrighted; you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here." (MARK 16/6.) The ignominious Cross has failed to brand its Victim with everlasting infamy and the relentless Tomb has failed to hold the Victor over a shameful death. Jesus, the crucified Victim of human hate, the dead Enemy of human vice has triumphed. The Cross is stripped of its shamefulness and the Tomb is no longer the final word of death over life.

THE Cross is henceforth to be the symbol of the truths that He taught; the Tomb is ever to serve as a proof of their verity. The Cross is the standard of His moral precepts and ascetic counsels; the Tomb is a justification for the severest maxims and a guarantee of the reward for their observance. The Cross solves all the perplexing riddles of life; the Tomb lights up the dark mystery of death. And all this because the glorified Cross and the empty Tomb prove that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. They make it possible for millions of believers to sing with voices, tuned into unison by the Holy Catholic Church, that grand confession of Faith, that pæan of victory which overcometh the world: "He was also crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, He suffered and was buried. And He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures. And He ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And He is to come again with glory to judge the living and the dead: of His kingdom there shall be no end."

On earth, that kingdom consists of those who answer the touching invitation of the poet, written beneath a crucifix:

You that weep, come to this God, for He weeps.  
You that suffer, come to Him, for He heals.  
You that tremble, come to Him, for He smiles.  
You that pass, come to Him, for He abides.

In heaven that kingdom is made up of those "thousands of thousands, out of every tribe, and tongue and people and nation, for whom He was slain, whom He had redeemed to God in His Blood and who cry out incessantly: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction." (APOC. 5.)

## The Atrium: *The Ninth Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

**N**O DETAILS of our Lord's scourging have been given to us. It has been left to devout thought to gather its mysteries of pain and love. We must, therefore, suppose that all was done as was customary. The hands of the condemned were tied to a ring on the top of a short pillar, fixed on a stone socket and about two-and-a-half feet high. Thus the body was bent, and the rounded back and shoulders presented to the striker, who stood on a stone close by. The executioners stripped the victim, and threw over his face a veil to hide its agony and stifle his cries. If lictors were present, one undid his fasces and used the rods. If not, a soldier or slave inflicted the punishment with the *flagellum*, a four-thonged lash whose ends were armed with knobs of metal or bone, the fineness of whose fibres cut and tore the flesh. The form of the sentence was: "Go, lictor, bind his hands, cover his head, and strike carefully and vigorously." The pillar was usually close beside the magisterial Bema, or Tribune, and the punishment was inflicted in public.

Pilate was not present at the scourging; nor at its conclusion did he immediately re-appear. This gave occasion to that scene of cruel mockery, the "crowning with thorns." The soldiers took our Lord from the Lithostrotos into the Atrium, "the hall of the Governor's palace," and called to their comrades about the place, some five or six hundred, to come and, as we should say, see the fun. Living among the Jews they knew how the idea of king-

ship was in the air; how a prince would spring from their race and in their land to make them again a free and strong nation. They knew that many had looked for the realization of this in the prophet of Nazareth. Herod had mocked these expectations with the shining robe—they also would show what they thought of the "King of the Jews."

Royal robes were in those days of far richer material, more elaborate ornament, more richly jewelled, than in ours; we read of them as presents from monarch to monarch, heirlooms of dynasties, and booty from the sack of palaces. So with "the King of the Jews"; over His tunic, now clinging to His cut and bleeding body, as if for royal mantle of coronation, they throw a chlamys, the short, dark-red cloak of a soldier, worn over his armor; they fasten the ends on His right shoulder, as generals and emperors did the ampler *paludamentum*.

**T**HE thrones of oriental kings were of the highest art, and most costly decoration; the throne of derision is a stump, or butt end of a stone pillar, rolled towards the centre of the hall.

In the East the mitre, or crown, was the symbol of majesty, whether of kingship or high-priesthood. It was a high head-dress covered with plates of gold, and sometimes brilliant with precious stones. For "the King of the Jews" the soldiers weave a cap or helmet of branches of the rhamnus, a shrub bearing thorns strong and sharply pointed, which appear two together, one



THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST BY PILATE.

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THE BARBAROUS SCOURGING.

*"And Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him."*

straight and one twisted, and this they bind to His head with a circle of rushes; both plants were common in Judea, and therefore at hand in the gardens of Antonia.

THE king's scepter was the symbol of power. When his Jewish queen, Esther, came unbidden into his presence, hiding "a mind full of anguish and exceeding great fear," "with rosy color in her face and with gracious and bright eyes," and when "God changed the king's spirit into mildness," Assuerus told her to come near and touch his scepter; and when she still feared to approach, "he took that scepter and laid it upon her neck and kissed her," in token that love spread his power as a protecting wing round her and her people. That scepter was of gold, richly wrought, solid and strong; now light and hollow and bending is the reed that the manacled hands try to hold; how thin and white and trembling the hands close upon the scepter of derision!

They do Him homage. Some bow the knee before Him, and salute with mock reverence,

"Hail! King of the Jews." With bent knee, with outstretched hands and bowed head, they are His courtiers. Some strike His face, and others spit upon it. Some snatch the reed from His hand and with it strike His head. The hall is filled with soldiers whose laughter grows loud and with shouts of encouragement are mingled suggestions for fresh insult.

THIS cruel mockery and brutality of the soldiers had exceeded the orders of Pilate, but when he re-appeared he noted at once how it might further his scheme for release. Passing into the Lithostrotos and motioning for our Lord to be led after him, he caused Him to be placed in some conspicuous position before the people, and pointing to Him said: "Behold the Man." He thought that the sight of the exhausted, cut, and bleeding body, sustaining now most pitifully the mock emblems of royalty, would touch their hearts to some compassion. They were silent and for the moment awed. But the Sanhedrists and their following raised again the cry for crucifixion. Pilate, in anger, retorted: "Take Him you, and crucify Him, for I find no cause in Him." No permission this, but scorn flung at them. Therefore they return to the attack in the name of their law, "We have a law, and according to the law, He ought to die because He made Himself the Son of God." Then Pilate "feared the more." A ray of light was struggling through his darkness. The hidden strength that held together that wrecked manhood, and the calmness and patience that it breathed arrested him. His pagan education had left a dim belief that gods and sons of gods had in old times appeared in this world and interfered in the affairs of men. Perhaps now he was in the presence of one. He was sufficiently acquainted with the religion of the Jews to know that it taught them to expect a prince of the royal lineage of David who would free them from the yoke of Rome and make their holy city the capital of a great empire. Might not this man be he, and some manifestations of more than earthly power at any moment show itself?

He therefore again took our Lord aside, into the hall, and carefully, yet reverently, interrogated Him, not as before as to what He had done, but who He was, and whence He came. He would act according to the answer; but none came. "Speakest thou not to me," he continued; "knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and I have power to release thee?" A low, sweet voice made reply: "Thou shouldst have no power against me, unless it were given thee



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from above. Therefore he that hath delivered me to thee hath the greater sin."

Whatever further light dawned upon his awkward sense of a higher power it strengthened yet more Pilate's desire and effort to release. So he was returning to the tribunal when a new cry assailed him. He had not seemed to attach much importance to the offence to their religion—the accusation of blasphemy, on account of which they demanded death—so in the interval the enemies of our Lord changed their attack and put into the mouths of the people another cry which contained a personal and most dangerous threat. "If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Caesar."

EARLIER, at the outset of the contest he had caught the word "Galilee," and it had brought hope, now he heard the word "Caesar" and it struck him with fear. The Emperor Tiberius was grown morose and suspicious. Pilate was ambitious, and who can say what day dreams his ambition had wrought. Perhaps, if all went well, he might become Pro-Consul of Syria, and living in opulence at Antioch, rule with almost regal power the neighboring nations. But his position was insecure. If he were accused before the Emperor, of having tolerated an incipient rebellion, of having had the false prophet, and would-be King of Judea, delivered to him for punishment, and had set him free, such an accusation proved would amount to high-treason, and would mean utter ruin, exile or imprisonment, perhaps death. He had done his best to release this prophet from Galilee, he could do no more without ruin to himself. After all it would not matter much if one innocent man did lose his life, a Jew of obscure birth, small following, and short career. At Rome the record would attract little notice, and for himself—well, the sunlit waves of life's tide would erase any unpleasant memory. On the other hand, the sense of defeat, the humiliation before his soldiers and their officers, the sting of his conscience made him thoroughly angry. Ascending again the tribune, and causing our Lord to mount some steps so that He might be clearly seen, he pointed to Him with his anger towards their leaders, and his scorn for the crowd shown in the words: "Behold your King." They felt the insult, and retorted, "We have no king but Caesar." Then the storm rose higher and surged more fiercely round him.

It is calculated that there were from two to three thousand men gathered at the Lithostrotos, and overflowing into its precincts and approaches.



BEGINNING THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

*"And bearing His own cross, Jesus went forth to Golgotha."*

The friends and servants of the Sandhedrin inciting those round them, the lowest of the city population always ready for riot, ill-favored and ill-fortuned strangers following in the wake of the multitude of pilgrims, now suborned, excited, frenzied, not to be baffled of their prey. With loud cries they protested their loyalty to Caesar, with fierce menace they threatened Pilate. It was a hurricane of human passion, and as such it shook and mastered Pilate's weak soul, drowned the voices of mercy and justice, and shattered all his purpose.

THERE WAS now but one degree lower to fall, and he fell. Forgetting the majesty of his office and the sanctity of his own conscience, he pronounces a sentence that makes him "the scarlet figure of history." And the sentence is:

To the Victim: *Ibis ad crucem* (Thou shalt go to the cross).

To the officer: *I lictor, expedi crucem* (Go, lictor, prepare the cross).

# Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW.

## SHOULD CHURCHES BE BURNED?

Many and various have been the ways and means adopted by non-Catholic ministers to secure an audience. *The Columbian* makes the *Living Church* responsible for this radical suggestion:

The *Living Church*, a magazine of the Episcopal Church, asks "Shall we burn our churches?" The question was the result of a fire on a very cold morning that burned one of their churches. While the church-goers that morning, fifteen in number, were attending their religious duties, the church began to blaze and scores of people who otherwise would not have been seen at the church, came because of the fire, some to help and some to look.

## A LESSON IN GRATITUDE

We have not read a more edifying will or one that shows more the true Catholic heart than that of Stuart P. West, a convert, who left the bulk of his \$300,000 estate to the Catholic Church in New York City. His gratitude for the gift of the Faith should be an inspiration to all born Catholics. That part of his will leaving the residue of his estate to the Cardinal Archbishop reads:

"Requesting that the same be used in the Archbishop's discretion for helping the establishment of parochial schools or in the enlargement of those now existing in portions of New York City in which there are now great numbers of non-English-speaking people. It is my desire to feel that these bequests may be of some assistance in stopping the leakage due to lack of opportunity for Catholic education among the children of non-English-speaking immigrants, particularly among the Italians. In this way I would like to hope that I may make some slight return to Almighty God for the conversion of my wife and myself to the true faith."

## WATERMELON LIES HEAVY

Conscience is a persistent thing and will not be downed. The following Associated Press dispatch, though humorous enough, clearly shows the gnawing pain a man may feel years after a sinful deed is done:

Veedersburg, Ind.—Mrs. Joseph G. Glascock of this town has received a dollar from a person living in Illinois in payment for half a watermelon stolen from her father's farm 60 years ago.

Accompanying the dollar was a letter which said that the writer, then 13 years old, and a companion, 18,

now dead, stole the melon out of the patch of Henry Cade, father of Mrs. Glascock.

"I am on my way to heaven," the writer continued, "and on my way ran up against that melon. It got so large I could not get over it. Forgive and forget is the prayer of your humble servant. Luke XIV., 1-10."

Another A. P. news item chronicles some contributions to the Hartford Fire Insurance Company and expresses Actuary Wightman's reasons for these restitutions:

Hartford, Conn.—Messrs. B. Straight, Ira Pent and R. E. Morse were among the conscience stricken patrons of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company who contributed during the past year a total of \$848 in "conscience money," according to the annual report of the company just issued. The receipts included one \$100 bill, without possible means of identification.

That the insurance buyers are becoming increasingly honest, in retrospect, is indicated by the increase for last year over the \$550 received the preceding year from this source.

Much of this comes "through the confessional of the Catholic Church," in the opinion of Actuary A. H. Wightman.

After the San Francisco fire "conscience receipts" were heavy.

## CONFESSIONAL WITHOUT CUSTOMERS

We have heard of a minister who waited seven years for his first penitent, but we hope that the Rev. Augustus Walton Schick will not have to become such a patient angler as the famous Isaak Walton. From the *Brooklyn Tablet*:

Haddensfield, N. J., Feb. 25.—The Rev. Augustus Walton Schick, rector of Grace Episcopal Church here, announced his first confessional last night, thus fulfilling his promise to adopt the suggestion of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick that Protestant churches make the confessional a part of their service.

The church was crowded, but no one took advantage of the opportunity to enter the confessional.

## CATHOLIC LESSONS FOR PROTESTANTS

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Russell in his sermon last Sunday at the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Seventy-third street, west of Broadway, listed, according to *The Catholic News*, the following things which "a Catholic might teach a Protestant":

A lesson in effective organization; in the vital importance of religious education for the young; in reverence and respect for law; in the value of confession;

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in indifference to a shifting secular thought, and in the supreme and central import of the Cross.

If anarchy, Bolshevism or a well-meant but mistaken socialism should ever seriously threaten our institutions, here is a bulwark of defense. Let us give thanks for a church which makes such magnificent contributions to our common life.

"What a contrast," comments the *News*, "is this appreciation of the Catholic Church as it really is to the distorted picture presented by some clergymen who can see little or no good in the old Church. They are the ones largely responsible for the intolerant spirit that prevails among some non-Catholics even in this enlightened age."

### A PETITION FOR HIGH BROWS

"It is proverbial," says *The New York Times*, "that certain classes of men are past praying for. Some would doubtless include low-brows amongst them. But at any rate, the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, the Rev. Dr. James S. Montgomery, believes that something can be done to lift brows. In his prayer at the opening of the House on March 1, he sought from Heaven, amongst other blessings, that, 'at the close of the day may manhood's brow be serenely high.'"

Comment would strive in vain to add anything to this. It does, however, recall the famous encomium on a Boston clergyman, who was said on a certain occasion to have uttered "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience."

### NON-CATHOLICS AND THE ROSARY

Chesterton is right. Protestantism is Catholicism gone wrong. Do our non-Catholic friends realize this and is there a decided right-about-face in the proper direction? One would think so from a glance at the daily newspaper. Thus we have the affable Dr. Cadman declaring in favor of Purgatory; the redoubtable Dr. Fosdick singing the praises of the Catholic confessional; a minister in Virginia pleading for a statue of the Mother of God in his church, and (shades of the Reformation!) the Methodist Dr. Beebe of Allegheny College endorses the rosary:

Meadville, Pa., March 7 (A. P.)—Adoption of the rosary by Protestant churches for use in prayer has been advocated by Dr. James A. Beebe, President of Allegheny College.

Speaking before the students of the college, Dr. Beebe said Protestant prayer had fallen short in that it lacked system to permit controlled meditation. He declared the Catholic rosary provided definite symbols which held the mind to the meditation at hand, and

he suggested that the rosary might be utilized to advantage by other churches.

"Protestants are continually being urged but seldom told how to pray," Dr. Beebe said, "with the result that the mind is permitted to wander, resulting in reverie rather than meditation. By using the rosary we would have definite symbols from which visual pictures could be taken, holding the mind to the meditation at hand.

"The only difference between reverie and meditation is that one represents uncontrolled thought, while the other stands for controlled and directed thought, out of which some permanent good may come."

Prayer was only an exercise in thinking, at least until the point when it carried away the soul was reached, the college head said.

Before coming to Allegheny, a Methodist institution, Dr. Beebe was Dean of the School of Theology at Boston University.

### QUERIES FOR REPORTERS

The *New York Herald Tribune* very soberly reports that "four hundred members of the Catholic Club celebrated Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday morning." We would have liked to have been there to witness such an event. A Milwaukee daily in an article on the funeral of the late Monsignor Rainer of that city carried this headline: "Messiner Will Deliver Mass at Rainer Rites." While on the subject, the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee put these questions to the daily press reporters:

1. May we refer to a member of the Sacred Roman Rota as a Rotarian?
2. Is it proper to call a ceremony a ritual?
3. Is the Pauline Privilege restricted to the Paulist Order?
4. Does a sacerdotal cure suggest an infirmary?
5. Is a bishop with a crosier necessarily a Crosier Father?
6. How many beads in a pair of beads?
7. Is a cathedral chapter interesting reading?
8. In a canonical erection, do the ecclesiastics themselves do the mason work?
9. Is the Passion Play a display of passion?
10. Is a Passionist Father easily provoked?
11. If "incensed" while on the altar is he apt to rebuke the acolyte?
12. Is the habit of a nun contracted or worn?
13. Is a baptistry a Baptist meeting house?
14. What would happen if a Papal bull should issue against a Spanish bull fight?
15. And, Holy Moses, does a priest's "rabbi" ever officiate in the synagogue?

### "OUR COUNTRY! ALWAYS WRONG!"

Many fervent "patriots" at large in this country are afflicted with the constant hallucination that our country is always in the wrong. Unlike Stephen Decatur, they would not have it otherwise. They are never so satisfied as when gloating over the supposed unrighteousness of their

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native land. The attitude of this jaundiced class is well summed up in this verse by Arthur Guiterman in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

Observe our little group or sect,  
The true, the good, the high elect  
Who strike an attitude sublime  
Against our country every time.  
Clear-visioned, wise and pure of heart,  
We always take the aliens part;  
Betide, betide, whate'er betide,  
We're on the other fellow's side.  
We need not wait for all the facts  
To judge a statesman's words or acts;  
If someone says this nation's right,  
He merely wants to start a fight.  
Our chiefs are men of base intent;  
We cannot trust our Government.  
It has an evil animus,  
But we are so magnanimous!  
Whatever conflict may arise  
We utter loud, hysteric cries  
To help an adversary's cause  
And win the outside world's applause.  
And so our watchword, toast and song  
Is still, "Our Country! Always Wrong!"

### LIFE AFTER DEATH

As a contribution to the Eastertide when all the world's thought turns to the Resurrection of Our Lord, *McCalls* asked the prominent writers of America to give their personal views on the vital topic of immortality. Of the thirty-five writers and scientists who have contributed to this symposium the following views by two Catholic women, Kathleen Norris and Aline Kilmer, are the most inspiring.

Kathleen Norris says:

This is a little like defending the love a woman feels for her mother or for her children—the special, deep, definite love that marks them apart for her from all the other sons and mothers in the world. Even when all the reasons are in, there is something—there is everything!—still to prove. We don't have to prove mother-love, we *know* it. And so may we come to know that higher love, the love of God, and the knowledge that some day His kingdom is to come. But how convey it?

For the utter unbeliever, here are three simple questions. The first: What human life stands supremely, without challenge, as the most important we know—Buddha? Confucius? Why, even these great oriental prophets had no such pressing, personal message for their believers, as have the words of Jesus Christ now, today, everywhere, for everyone of us!

What is the secret of this manual laborer, who lived for but three obscure years of teaching, in a small, far distant village, whose friends were peasants, who died a criminal's death, two thousand years ago? What did He say?

Why, He said strange and puzzling things. That

pride and bloodshed were weak things after all, that the gift of peace was for the humble and the charitable and the merciful. That equity and logic might not save us, but that when we became as little children, then indeed our groping hands should find our Father, and we "should not taste death forever."

And—third and last question: Are these absurdities true? Has it been to lies that the broken, hungry, seeking soul of man has been clinging for two thousand years, or do we indeed love most the gentle, the charitable hearts we know? Do brute force and hate and revenge awaken the best in us, or do we all seek love—love—more love, and admit, in every hour of our lives, that love *does* fulfil the law? Do we not still pass by the logical, the brilliant, the statistical and unhappy intellectuals, and choose to find our friends among the simple and the good?

Stop trying to create God, you don't know Him. Stop trying to fit Him into petty scientific laws that won't last out this generation. His Kingdom is the only real Kingdom—that of the undeceived heart. Learn through your heart of Him, rather than demand that He shall learn through your brain, of you. In silence and humility and solitude listen for that unfailing Voice. Seek and ye shall find! Knock and it shall be opened unto you! Ask and ye shall receive!

Aline Kilmer says:

Most emphatically I "believe in" what is called immortality—that is, the indestructibility of the individual human spirit. How otherwise could anyone be, as I am, a Catholic? Reason is so heavily against what they call the materialistic theory, that my intelligence would be better satisfied to believe in the existence of a soul wherever the life principle exists than to deny an immortal soul in any human being.

### SNAPPY DEVOTIONS

The short story below from an exchange recalls to mind other snappy devotions of some Catholics. Have you ever noticed the different forms the sign of the cross assumes when made by many otherwise devout Catholics upon entering the church? Witnessing the many motions which go for genuflections doesn't make the following story seem so ridiculous:

Grade Three was making up a Spiritual Bouquet for the Pastor. Tommy proudly presented 225 litanies recited during a fifteen minute recess period. How did he do it? We'll let him tell.

"Teacher, I took my prayer book and I made the sign of the cross and I said:

All the saints on this page,  
Pray for us.  
All the saints on the next page,  
Hear our prayers.  
All the saints on the next page,  
Have mercy on us.  
And from all the things on the last page,  
Oh, Lord, deliver us."



# Do Converts Deteriorate?

## *Prejudice Naturally Has Its Anticipations*

HAVE you noticed the change in So-and-So since he became a Catholic? It doesn't appear to have done him much good."

BY STANLEY B. JAMES

in the simplest cases of ocular evidence, we may be mis-

This remark was made in my hearing a little while ago concerning a recent convert to the Church, and led me to investigate the impressions made by converts on those they have left. To my surprise the type of comment quoted appeared to be fairly common, but when I came to inquire into the grounds on which this criticism was based, my surprise vanished. The suggestion as to the effects on character of Catholicism was easy to account for.

led by our presuppositions. How much more will this be the case then when the matter under review is the intangible question of character, and judgment is inflamed by the notorious influence of partisan religious passion!

In the case mentioned by the speaker I overheard, the convert had been prominently active in his denomination's affairs. His name figured frequently in the lists of committees and was more or less familiar to the readers of the papers representing his sect. All this activity had ceased and, so far as his former friends were aware, no corresponding interests had taken its place. He had been "swallowed up in the Roman Church" and his place was now in the rank and file. His gifts, according to them, were being wasted. Instead of being a leader among men, he was now but an obscure member of a vast organization, and was practically lost to the world.

Of course, the presupposition that the Church is, in some way, a demoralizing influence goes a long way in warping the judgment. The Protestant *expects* to see signs of deterioration in his convert-friend and looks for them. His mind has been poisoned with descriptions of the sly, underhand methods adopted by those professing the Faith. He believes that the obedience demanded of the faithful is a servile obedience and must necessarily result in a loss of manliness. It is supposed that a perfunctory and mechanical performance of devotional duties is all that is required and that this leads to a loss of genuine piety. So long as certain outward observances are maintained—this it is imagined—there need be no concern about practical conduct. The exclusive attitude of the Church is thought to beget a hard, unsympathetic feeling towards those outside the Fold. The "other-worldliness" said to be inculcated results—it is declared—in a decline of interest in the social activities of our age. The alleged veto on all intellectual inquiry naturally—according to these critics—emasculates a man's mind and thus weakens his whole personality. These are some of the presuppositions (with roots going down four centuries deep in the Protestant mentality) with which his former associates watch the convert. Is it any wonder that they frequently find what appears to confirm their anticipations? Psychologists are never tired of telling us of the extent to which our observations are colored by our prejudices. They tell us that, even in the every-day affairs of life and

THERE was a certain amount of truth in these observations. It was certainly a fact that our friend's name was not so frequently before the public, and it was also true that he was no longer a leader but only a learner. "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord," he observed when I happened to meet him some time later, "than to abide in the pavilions of sectarianism." The loud-voiced, hustling public speaker and organizer, overflowing with the importance of his own ideas, was now a humble pupil in the school of the saints. "I have so much to unlearn and so much to learn," he said, "I feel my best course, for some little while at least, is to lie fallow. By and by, perhaps, God will give me some work to do of the kind I was once engaged in, but, for the present, it is enough to perform the elementary duties and enjoy the elementary privileges of a Catholic." St. Paul (né Saul) when, after his conversion, he "went away into Arabia" was no doubt adjudged to have been "extinguished" by the followers of the Nazarene.

Some converts come from that section of Protestantism which sets itself to borrow, as far

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as possible, the devotional practices of the Church. In many cases, the somewhat bare Episcopalian service has been greatly enriched by such borrowings. Of course, the process of appropriation carried on, not infrequently in the face of disapproval on the part of ecclesiastical superiors, proves highly exciting. Worship, according to these imitative rites becomes an adventure. The novelty of the enterprise spurs the neophyte to an excess of piety. He multiplies days of obligations, observes fasts with an excess of severity and burdens himself with the saying of Offices, stealing thus no little time which otherwise would be devoted to secular pursuits. Among those into whose company such a convert comes, these ancient forms of devotion are the familiar routine of the Household of the Faith and cause no excitement. As someone has said, "A person who has been born and bred in a royal palace takes all the comfort and luxury of his home as a matter of course. He does not undervalue these conditions—far from it; but, always having been used to them, he cannot conceive existing in any other way. He has no reason to go into raptures over the splendid privileges of his daily life, because he enjoys them by right. They are the natural accidents of his position. He is a member of the Royal Family—a prince in the Household of Faith, and there is an end of it!"

THE convert realizes this and settles down to the orderly, unostentatious routine of devotion followed by those about him. He is under no constraint to work himself up into a frenzy of religious excitement. He is no longer avid of exceptional "experiences." The keynote of his new devotional life is obedience. When exceptional experiences come his way he is grateful for such divine favors, but he does

not go out of his way to invite them, and, if they occur, he does not exploit them and talk about them. They are precious secrets between his Lord and himself, to be kept in a sacred privacy hidden from the eyes of the curious. Thus it happens that his religious life becomes quieter, more orderly, less obvious. And these characteristics are mistaken as signs of indifference. In reality, how far they are from that!

BUT the underlying fallacy of many of the remarks about the alleged deterioration observable in those coming into the Church is that those outside assume that the standard by which they judge is that accepted by the Catholic. The Puritan condemns the man who has left the ranks of Puritanism for those of the Faithful for his non-compliance with ideals of conduct which, by the very fact of his conversion, he has disavowed. It is not realized that the Church claims to be the supreme authority in regard to morals and that she refuses to stand at the bar of those who have no right to judge in such matters. "Who shall accuse against the elect of God?" asks St. Paul with holy scorn. And in a similar tone the Church challenges the right of those who judge by man-made criterions the character and conduct of her members. That character and conduct, it must be admitted, often fall far beneath the level of what might be expected. But it is to our own Lord we stand or fall. The convert who is condemned because he has departed from the lines laid down by sectarian ignorance or by the excessive zeal of some Pharisaic school is untroubled by such criticism. It is not to these self-appointed judges he is answerable. The only tests by which he can be legitimately tried are those acknowledged by the Authority to which, as a Catholic, he bows.

## Glendalough

(Seven Churches, Co. Wicklow.)

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

Here is more than pool and rock  
Blent to a sere loveliness  
Where the trees by lough and lough  
Clothe the hills in a green dress.

Temples here were sevenfold  
Fair within the city gate,  
Wrought laborious of old,  
Never to be desolate.

Built chaste of prayer, this  
Is a saint at prayer still—  
Holiness that hath been is  
In the valley; on the hill.

Spare the vandals, foe or friend—  
He would bless them, for their good—  
Here be, until the world's end,  
Seven churches and a Rood.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## INTENSIVE COURSE

Please tell me the name and address of the Catholic hospital where young women train for nursing, the course not lasting over one year.—M. R. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

I do not know. Inquire at the nearest Catholic hospital.

## CEREMONY AT MIXED MARRIAGE

(1) Is it possible to have a mixed marriage celebrated in the church, without the Protestant becoming a Catholic? (2) Would a Catholic priest marry the parties to a mixed marriage at the bride's home, if not in the church?—B. M. F. NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The Catholic Church severely forbids mixed marriages. But for grave reasons She will dispense in this law, when the required conditions are present and both parties to the marriage guarantee to keep the promises demanded of them. Because of this attitude of opposition the Church forbids the customary rites in the celebration of mixed marriages. It is the practice in this country to perform them in the rectory. It is in the power of the bishop to permit some of the ceremonies employed in Catholic marriages, (always excluding the nuptial Mass), when there are grave reasons to sanction a departure of this kind. But such concessions are very rare. (2) Both Catholic and mixed marriages are forbidden in private homes, unless the bishop grants permission, which he cannot do without grave reasons. Since you must arrange for your marriage, mention your difficulties to your pastor.

## MARRIAGE CASE

If a baptized Protestant who was married to another Protestant (unbaptized at the time of marriage), was divorced, could she now be married to a Catholic in the Catholic Church?—M. C. E. BOSTON, MASS.

The solution of this case depends upon the date when the marriage took place. Prior to Pentecost, 1918, a marriage between a baptized person, (no matter what church he belonged to), with an unbaptized person, was null and void. Since the above date the nullifying impediment has been restricted to those baptized in the Catholic Church. Therefore, if the marriage in question occurred since Pentecost, 1918, it is considered to be valid by the Catholic Church. If before Pentecost, 1918, it would be considered invalid. Matters of this kind can be settled only by the proper Church authorities. Mention the case to your pastor.

## THE CARMELITE CONVENT

Please tell me where the Carmelite Convent is located?—V. A. MALDEN, MASS.

If you wish for the address of the nearest Carmelite Convent, I can help you. It is located at 61 Mt. Pleasant Street, Roxbury, Mass.

## LENGTH OF COURSE

Please tell me how long it takes to be ordained a priest in the different Orders?—J. S. LOWELL, MASS.

From ten to twelve years.

## PERSONALITIES

(1) I heard a public speaker say that a knowledge of music, and the ability to play and sing is always evidence of refinement. I have known several persons who could do these things, but they were not refined. What do you think of the statement? (2) I heard a person say a short time ago that a certain family was one "of the first families in the parish." My mother told me that all in the Catholic Church were equal. (3) My mother used to scrub the mission church and altar barefooted with her skirts tucked up to her knees. When I told these things to certain people they were shocked. Yet I have heard people say that "she had the most beautiful character in the world." (4) If we mention something in confession which did not happen to us, but which we saw happen, and which worries us, and the confessor tells us not to think about it,—what are we to do when we simply can't help thinking about it? Is it a sin to think about it? (5) Why are 'some' confessors so much better than others?—N. N. NEB.

(1) The ability to sing and play is usually a sign of refinement because a knowledge of music presupposes a taste for the beautiful and the artistic. Shakespeare says—

"He that hath no music in himself,  
And is not moved by concourse of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Those whom you saw may have been exceptions to the general rule. However, refinement is a very wide term. That only is true refinement which cultivates the best in human nature, and makes the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful the goal of human existence. The ability to play jazz would hardly fall in this category, for it seems rather a sign of vulgarity than of refinement. (2) "First fam-

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ilies" is hardly used in Catholic circles in the sense in which it is found in society literature. Of course, all men are substantially equal before God, insofar as every human being is made to the image and likeness of God, and all are destined to eternal bliss. But there are many ways in which they differ accidentally. Because of the many actual differences between individuals and families it is possible for some to be better off, or more prominent, or more advanced than others, depending on the principle of comparison, viz., whether it be a question of wealth, or generosity, or hospitality, or learning, or influence, or virtue, etc. In nearly every parish there are some families which are ever ready to lend help in parochial affairs, being generous in giving their leisure as well as money. There is no harm in calling such families "the best families in the parish" in this respect. They ease the worries of many an indigent pastor. But such epithets are not to be understood in the sense that they have intrinsic superiority over other families. Real intrinsic worth is known to God alone. "Man regards the face, but God looks at the heart." Therefore, appellations such as "first families," or "best families" regard, as a rule, only externals. They should be used sparingly and with great circumspection. (3) Your mother had something infinitely above the fortuitous advantage of wealth or social position—that is, an excellent character. A good, upright, and sincere character is as far superior to mere material advantage as the soul excels the body. To scrub the mission church barefoot, and with skirts tucked up to her knees, was not scandalous, especially when no one was around, and the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved there. It would not be the proper thing, however, in churches where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and people are justly sensitive to behavior in church. Your mother had the ingenuousness of child-like simplicity. (4) Sin is a personal affair. Properly speaking we can have remorse only for personal sins. We can feel sorry in a certain sense for others' sins. Of course, Our Lord took our place and God punished our sins in His most pure body. But Jesus did not feel remorse as though these sins were His own. He could not do so. His satisfaction for our sins is called a vicarious atonement; that is, in place of the real sinners. Therefore, merely thinking on sins which others committed is not sinful, but an idle and useless occupation. Your confessor was right. Don't allow your mind to dwell on subjects which disturb you. But if, as you say, you cannot help thinking of such things, it is good to know that *thinking*, as such, is never sinful; it is *willing*, or taking pleasure in what we know is bad that makes our internal acts sinful. Don't torment yourself, but endeavor to be sensible. (5) Some priests are better confessors than others from a variety of causes, natural and supernatural. Just as physicians differ greatly in their treatment of patients, so also confessors. The seminary does not turn out priests as from a mould, like pig iron. They are human beings. And human beings differ. Some priests are more learned, prudent, prayerful, and patient than others. What you told the confessor evidently impressed him as a trifle. To you it seemed momentous. It was merely his manner of telling you "to forget it" that impressed the idea on your mind the more. Another confessor might have told you the same thing, but in such a manner as to

make you see how absurd or trifling your worries were. In many cases it is a question of personal tact. Well, there are many confessors, and the Church permits you to make your choice.

### CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS

*Could you give me the names and addresses of the different Sisterhoods in the Catholic Church? I would like to find out the laws of each Order.*—F. W. CHICAGO, ILL.

The best thing to do when a young lady desires to enter a religious community is to seek the advice and direction of a prudent and charitable confessor. He may be able to enlighten her in such a way as to obviate the necessity of going over all the list of Sisterhoods. However, if you wish to obtain detailed information concerning the various female congregations, I advise you to write to Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind., Dept. Q. For some time past there appeared a series of articles on the different Sisterhoods in the United States. You may be able to obtain these articles in book or pamphlet form.

### PRAYING FOR THE UNBAPTIZED

*Are prayers for the souls of those who have died without receiving the Sacrament of Baptism of any value? I mean particularly for the souls of those who have not received this supreme blessing through ignorance of the divine law and the command of Jesus Christ, as many who have lived what men call a righteous life in an heretical environment.*—F. M. BEVERLY, MASS.

This question rests on a false assumption, viz., that there may be souls who are saved without baptism of any kind. In order to clarify this question it is necessary to distinguish the different kinds of baptism. There are three species of baptism: the first, of water and the Holy Ghost; "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." John 3/5. The second, of desire. The third, of blood.

Baptism of water and the Holy Ghost is of divine precept. No one can culpably neglect it under pain of damnation. But such punishment necessarily supposes that the person had both the knowledge and the opportunity to receive the sacrament. God condemns nobody except through the person's own fault. Baptism of water, however, may be omitted without fault, either because the precept is unknown, or because, if known, no opportunity offers to have it administered. In such cases baptism of water may be supplied by what is called "baptism of desire." This kind of baptism is contained in perfect contrition for one's sins, or an act of perfect love of God. Both these acts contain a desire to do all that is necessary for salvation, and therefore implicitly includes the desire of baptism. Such a baptism justifies, as the Council of Trent teaches: "since the promulgation of the Gospel there is no translation from the state of Old Adam to the State of Grace . . . without the laver of regeneration, or the desire of it." Our Lord said: "he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father. And I will love him and will manifest Myself to him." "If anyone love Me he will keep My word. And My Father will love him, and We will come to him and will make Our abode with him."



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John 16/21-23. This love of God and the indwelling of the Three Divine Persons supposes sanctifying grace, and, therefore, justification. Consequently, such desire of baptism as is contained in the love of God will suffice when baptism of water is inculpably omitted.

Baptism of blood is a third means of salvation, supplying actual baptism of water. "He that shall lose his life for My sake shall save it." Luke 9/24.

Whoever is saved has been baptized in either of these three ways. Infants who die in infancy can be saved only by the baptism of water. But adults may be saved by virtue of the baptism of desire or blood, because they are capable of making human acts, which supply for the baptism of water. Consequently, if an infant dies unbaptized with water there is no reason to pray for it. It will never see God, because "not born again" to a supernatural life. Yet, according to Catholic doctrine, such infants will not suffer. They will very probably enjoy a kind of natural beatitude. But all adults may be prayed for, because every adult can receive either one of these kinds of baptism. The only ones who are excluded from our prayers, as from our charity, are the damned in hell. But who knows who are in hell? It is more difficult to suppose ignorance regarding the precept of Christ commanding baptism of water in those who have lived in an heretical environment. Because most heretics, I think, still retain belief in the necessity of actual baptism, at least, for adults.

### NECESSITY OF DIVINE FAITH

(1) *Are all men born equal, with free will and the ability to believe?* (2) *Will a person who has earnestly sought the truth be condemned for not possessing faith?* (3) *If faith is the gift of God why are not all His children born with equal amounts?*—M. T. NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Catholics believe that all men born into the world are fundamentally and substantially equal; that is, each human being is endowed with intellect and free will; that is, as the Declaration of Independence expresses it, each one has equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Accidentally, all men are not born equal; that is, some are born in better circumstances, such as, better parents, wealthy surroundings, etc. Each person born into the world has sufficient grace to be saved, once he has attained the age of reason. This includes the ability to believe. Otherwise God would appoint a certain end for all men and not give all a sufficient opportunity to attain that end. (2) A person who earnestly seeks the truth will be granted the gift of divine faith, because "God wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." 1 Tim. 2/4. Sometimes persons are fearful lest they may find the truth if they searched for it in the proper way, like a man out of work and wanting it, but careful not to apply where he may find it. Mere reading will not obtain the gift of faith. A man must be humble and unprejudiced. He must pray. He must act according to the light which God at present gives him, for "he that doth truth cometh to the light." John 3/21. "If you ask the Father anything in My Name He will give it you." John 16/23. Therefore, when an adult fails to have faith it is his own fault. God

condemns no man to perdition unless he is culpable. (3) We must distinguish between infants and adults. No infant is born with faith in its soul. Infants are not capable of making an act of faith, but they are capable of receiving the habit of faith, which in their case is not joined with the act thereof. Adults who have never been baptized and are, therefore, without the infused habit of faith, receive sufficient grace at some time or other in their life to make an act of faith in God's revelation. If they pray and do good and what lies in their power, God will grant them grace to make an act of faith. Why God gives more grace to one than to another no man can answer. Gifts of their very nature are something which no one can lay claim to. "Faith is the gift of God." Eph. 2/5. If God gives more grace to one than to another it is because He sees fit to do so. "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will?" Matt. 20/15. But we know and must hold that to every adult He gives sufficient grace to enable him to make an act of divine faith at some time or other in his life. If that is made good use of God will bestow more grace.

### FIRST FRIDAY COMMUNION

(1) *May a person receive Holy Communion on the Sunday following the First Friday on her First Friday confession?* (2) *If one was not able to receive on the First Friday would Communion on the Sunday following be regarded as made on the First Friday?* (3) *A person after receiving Holy Communion coughed a piece of the sacred host into her hand. Is that a sin?* (4) *I missed Mass several times because I was sick. Should I tell it in confession?*—M. L. KINGSTON, N. Y.

(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) No. That is an accident. In such a case the communicant should consume the particle, or if this would be inconvenient let her wrap it in a clean handkerchief and give it to the priest, who will dispose of it. (4) Serious illness is a legitimate excuse from attending Mass on days of obligation. There is no necessity to mention it in confession. Persons who are habitually careless, however, would do well to mention the fact.

### EXPLAINING MYSTERY

*Do the Franciscans and Jesuits agree on the principles concerning free will?*—A. M. S. SCRANTON, PA.

In order to form some idea of the doctrine which the Scotists, or Franciscans, held, it is necessary to know the theories of the Jesuit, or Molinistic school, and those of the Dominicans, or Thomistic school.

Ever since the sixteenth century there has been an endless controversy between the Jesuit and Dominican theologians concerning the reconciliation of God's foreknowledge and supreme dominion with the free will of man. In this debate the Franciscans took little part, or else tried to follow a middle course.

It would not be correct to say that the Molinists and Thomists disagree on the principles of free will. Both schools of theology admit that God foreknows and controls all events, even future free acts of rational creatures. Both schools admit likewise that man's will is free. But, placed side by side, these truths gave rise to innumerable difficulties and opened a controversy which endures to this day. The problem to be solved is: How does God foreknow and con-

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trol future free acts? The two systems start from different premises.

The Thomists start from God's foreknowledge and supreme dominion as a premise. Being infinitely perfect, it follows that God's knowledge must be certain and His dominion absolute. Hence, according to the Thomists, God knows and controls future free acts through the medium of predetermining decrees. Thus, He decrees what each man will do and then premoves the will to produce the effects decreed. This is called physical premotion. Without it God's foreknowledge would not be certain and His dominion would not be absolute. With it the Thomists claim to safeguard the doctrine of divine Omniscience and all-embracing Providence. But how about the free will of man? Liberty is the power of self-determination. How can the will determine itself if it is already predetermined by divine decrees? Is not physical premotion destructive of liberty? This is the weak point in the Thomistic system. The Thomists reply, indeed, that physical premotion moves man's will to act *infallibly*, but at the same time to act *freely*, in conformity with the divine decrees. But when asked how can this be, they simply reply that it is a mystery of God's Omnipotence.

The Molinists, on the other hand, start from free will as a premise. They reject at the outset the physical premotion of the Thomists as incompatible with liberty. Since, then, predetermining decrees cannot be the medium of God's foreknowledge, and since it is absurd to say that God knows future free acts only *after* they have happened, the only explanation left is that God knows future free acts *in themselves*; that is, as though they were not future at all, but actually present. Accordingly, it is more correct to say that God simply knows rather than *foreknows*. Hence, His knowledge neither precedes nor follows, but is *simultaneous* with our free acts. Likewise His co-operation, or concursus, which man's will needs, neither precedes nor follows, but is *simultaneous* with the act of the will. Of course, God is not obliged to give this co-operation. He can refuse if He sees fit, and it is in this way that He controls our free acts. Nevertheless, when God gives this concursus the will is free to receive or reject it. In this way the Molinists claim to safeguard free will. But their theory is not devoid of difficulty. For the Thomists ask: How can God know future free acts with *certitude* if the act depends upon the free will? How can God control free acts if the human will can resist His influence? Is the knowledge and dominion of the Creator to be determined by and depend on the will of the creature? To these objections the Molinists reply that it is a mystery of God's Omniscience and Omnipotence.

This briefly is an exposition of the Dominican and Jesuit theories. The two schools have argued back and forth for the last four centuries, and the controversy still goes on. All that the Church has pronounced in the matter is that the Thomists are immune from Jansenism, and the Molinists from Pelagianism. The Church has not declared which system is correct. Of two things we are certain: we are free; our free acts are subject to God's all-embracing Providence. In this, as in many other questions, it seems that the Lord says: "Thus far thou shalt come and no fur-

ther." The mystery will be revealed in the life to come.

The Franciscans had no definite school of their own. They either sided with the Thomists or Molinists, or tried to take a middle course. God, some of them said, recognized future free acts in His essence and provides a free decree which does not predetermine the free will, but only accompanies it. Those who held this doctrine rejected both the physical premotion of the Thomists and the simultaneous knowledge of the Molinists.

## SEVERAL INTENTIONS

*May a person hear Holy Mass for more than one intention?*—A. C. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Holy Mass may be heard for several intentions. One may hear it in order to glorify God, to thank Him for benefits received, to petition Him for more favors, to satisfy for sin, and to be more united with Him. These intentions may be simultaneous.

## THANKSGIVINGS

Kindly publish this notice in gratitude to St. Jude for several favors received through his powerful intercession.—G. M. MCKEESPORT, PA.

Inclosed find check for missionary fund in honor of Our Blessed Lady, the Holy Souls, and St. Jude, for a great temporal favor which I received through his intercession. I am anxious that more may know of the great aid to be derived from St. Jude, and I would be pleased to have you publish this.—N. N. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The inclosed check is in return for a great favor received through a novena to St. Jude.—J. W. PATERSON, N. J.

Please publish my most sincere thanks to St. Jude for a favor which I have received through his intercession.—A. F. NEW YORK, N. Y.

I have received several favors from St. Jude and would appreciate your publishing my public thanks for them.—M. M. O. LYNN, MASS.

Kindly publish a favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.—F. L. Q. HOBOKEN, N. J.

Please publish my grateful thanks for a special blessing received from Our Holy Mother, and accept the small offering inclosed.—F. M. BEVERLY, MASS.

Please publish my grateful thanks to St. Jude, the Sacred Heart, and the Precious Blood for a favor granted.—H. A. Z. TULSA, OKLA.

Please publish my sincere thanks to St. Jude for the granting of three favors which seemed at the time impossible.—M. O. ROCKFORD, ILL.

I wish to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Therese of the Child Jesus for improvement in health.—N. M. J. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I am inclosing a small offering in thanksgiving for a special favor which St. Jude obtained for me.—M. B.

# The Chicken Feud

No. 1 in a Story of the New Jersey Pines

“OFF WITH their heads,” said young Mrs. Hale. BY MARION PHARO HILLIARD “I propose,” said Miss Todd,

Alert and caustic she sat on a front seat at the meeting of the Village Improvement Society. Though born and brought up in Littleville, she refused to fit into the conventional pattern of the best society of that staid Quaker community. She was called “young Mrs. Hayle” to distinguish her from others of the same name. Moreover, she was temperamentally and persistently young, in defiance of the family Bible’s record.

Miss Atterbury, the President of the Village Improvement Society, did not like Mrs. Hayle, and considered it very unfortunate that she had been elected Vice-President. Miss Atterbury always tried to ignore her at the meetings. So when the Vice-President made the sanguinary suggestion above recorded, the President looked past her and pretended not to hear. “I would like some *practical* suggestions, ladies. The purpose of this meeting is to find some remedy for the chicken nuisance. People are growing more and more careless about keeping their chickens in. Our gardens are damaged so seriously, the time has come for us to take some official action in the matter,” said Miss Atterbury, with professional dignity. She was the principal of the Littleville Select School.

“My suggestion is *exceedingly* practical. The only remedy is off with their heads!” said Mrs. Hayle.

Mrs. Wray (who was Mrs. Hayle’s most intimate friend when they were on speaking terms) remarked, “I thought you were an officer of the S. P. C. A. Don’t your sympathies include poultry?”

“No! Yours wouldn’t either if you lived next door to ten turkeys, twenty guineas, forty ducks, eighty roosters, eight hundred chickens, and eight thousand pigeons, and heard them all whooping and squalling and bellowing at peep of dawn, just when the cats on the back fence have subsided. If they all had but a single neck, I’d chop off their heads myself, at one blow.”

Here the President rapped sharply for order, and Mrs. Hayle’s dominant voice was silenced temporarily, while several ladies made mild suggestions.

distributed, requesting people to keep their chickens in their yards.”

“Why not speak to the chickens about it? It would do just as much good,” said the irrepresible Mrs. Hayle. “Most of us have spent half our lives requesting people to keep their chickens in. The only thing to do is to worry the Township Committee into passing an ordinance compelling people to shut up their chickens or pay a fine.”

“Who would enforce such a law?” inquired Mrs. Wray. “All the committeemen own chickens that roam the streets.”

“We’ll see that it is enforced,” replied Mrs. Hayle. “We’ll give the committee no peace, day or night, if they don’t enforce it.”

“There’s one of the committee who has no peace now,” retorted Mrs. Wray who was inclined to be catty in house-cleaning season. Mrs. Hayle’s husband was a member of the Township Committee.

“Why, I didn’t know *your* husband was a member of the committee. When was he elected?” inquired Mrs. Hayle innocently.

The laugh caused by this passage-at-arms aroused the President’s displeasure. “Ladies, ladies,” she said, rapping the table, “if you allow all these silly interruptions we will never come to a decision. Are there any further suggestions? If not, will you make your suggestion a motion, Miss Todd?”

MISS TODD’s motion was seconded by Mrs. Stockfield, a sweet-faced old lady in the dress of the Orthodox Friends. All the members voted “Aye” except Mrs. Hayle, whose loud “No!” emphasized her constitutional opposition to “namby-pamby half-way measures,” as she expressed it. The President then named Mrs. Stockfield, Miss Todd, and another conservative to write a dignified yet touching appeal to all patriotic citizens of Littleville to keep their poultry in their respective yards.

“Make it clear,” said Miss Atterbury “that it is their duty to the community to mend their fences. A motion to adjourn is now in order,” she added abruptly, thus heading off Mrs. Hayle,

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who was not in the least depressed by her defeat. The breaking-up of the meeting did not deter her from further expression of her opinion as to the futility of moral suasion in dealing with chicken owners.

"It's no use, Aunt Martha, for thee to try to win me over to the policy of non-resistance," she said to Mrs. Stockfield. "You know I'm not a Quaker, and never will be." Mrs. Hayle, having married Mrs. Stockfield's nephew, tried to use the "plain" language when speaking to her Quaker relatives, but an obtrusive "you" occasionally betrayed her Episcopalian up-bringing. "If thee knew the trouble I've had with old Mr. Bates next door, thee wouldn't wonder I hate chickens. I always have one of his on my front lawn; and usually it is a hideous thing with hardly any feathers on—mostly bare skin. Yesterday I called to him over the hedge and asked if he couldn't send me a chicken that was properly clothed for my front lawn instead of one that was nearly naked. He said, 'Hey?'—thee knows how deaf he is—so I repeated it twice, each time louder. And just as I was saying it the third time, the Catholic priest passed, and looked at me with pained surprise."

The younger ladies in the group laughed heartily, but Mrs. Stockfield said with gentle severity, "I must request thee, Flora, to modulate thy voice, and also to have a little more regard for the proprieties."

"I have great regard for the proprieties, Aunt Martha. That is just what I was trying to impress upon Mr. Bates. It wasn't my fault if Father McSooy misunderstood," retorted the irrepressible Flora. But she spoke in a lower tone, and a brief silence followed as the group of ladies, strolling homeward, drew near to a little frame church with a plain cross over the entrance. The door was open; and looking in, Mrs. Hayle saw a solitary red light burning—solemn, mysterious—in the semi-darkness of the empty church. She felt a slight thrill—curiosity touched with awe—as though her spirit vibrated to something beyond the range of her understanding. She stood for a moment irresolute, but the other ladies passed on.

"**W**HAT is thee waiting for, Flora?" asked Mrs. Stockfield. She had not looked at the church. Its presence in that Protestant community, and adjoining her own property, was an affront to her hereditary prejudices.

"I had a 'half-notion' to go in—as Cousin Rachel used to say," replied Flora lightly. "Do

you remember how many 'half-notions' she had? I don't believe she ever had a whole one. Now I must run home, or Dick Hayle won't get any supper. Good night, Aunt Martha. Good night, everybody."

## II.

**F**ATHER McSOOY stood on his little piazza reading a hand bill that had been left at his door. It was an appeal from the Village Improvement Society to all good citizens to keep their chickens at home for the welfare of the community. Laughing, the priest looked up at the spaces of blue sky showing between the tasseled boughs of the maple. Village life was a novelty to him, and it amused him vastly. He had recently come to Littleville from a crowded parish in the slums of the city. Already he loved his new charge. The quiet of the country made it seem like Heaven to him. But there was work ahead of him. He saw clearly the power for good that may be exercised by a priest in a rural community where the Church is almost unknown; where the great majority of the population are the enemies of the Faith by heredity and education. He felt that the first stone in the wall of prejudice would be thrown down if he could win the confidence of his neighbors. But so far he had made no acquaintances outside his own little congregation, which consisted chiefly of "working people."

"Now is my chance to show I am a good citizen," thought Father McSooy. Then he called, "Mary! Mary! Where's the hammer? Bring me the hammer! Bring me the hammer and some nails."

In the doorway stood the housekeeper of the rectory who had been Father McSooy's nurse in his babyhood. When her "blissid bye" became a parish priest, Mary still ministered to his material wants—and he was none the less her "bye!" because he was her "feyther."

"Mary," said Father McSooy, "we must keep all the chickens in the chicken yard after this. I'm going out to mend the fence."

"And what in the worruld are ye thinkin' of, Feyther? Are the poor cratures to have niver a bit o' green?" was the indignant response in the richest Irish brogue.

"The Village Improvement Society has decided it must be done for the good of the community. They are very influential ladies, I believe. Mrs. Stockfield next door is one of them. They say the chickens are destroying gardens and flower beds everywhere."



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Hostility to the Society bristled from every angle of Mary's large form—from the wisp of gray hair that had escaped from her knot and stood up defiantly down to the square toes of her enormous shoes.

"Improvemint, is it? A foine improvemint it would be for ye to starve your own hins to plaze thim haythen Quackers!" she sniffed scornfully.

"Quakers, Mary. *Quakers*; not *Quackers*! This is a chicken feud. Don't try to bring the ducks into it. Get the hammer and saw, please."

"Chicken feed or duck feed, what matther is it? It's the hard-hearted mon ye are, Feyther, to shut up thim burruuds where there's niver a bit o' green, to plaze thim haythen—"

"Hush, Mary. Our neighbors are not heathen but Christian people. It is their great misfortune that they do not know the True Church. Go find the hammer at once while I get some boards."

**M**ENDING the chicken-yard fence was rather difficult, Father McSooy discovered. The broken places were so numerous there seemed to be more hole than fence. King Brian Boru strutted haughtily to and fro, surveying the intruder with evident contempt. He was a very handsome rooster with lordly manners. He called his feminine admirers to jeer at the priest's amateur carpentry. "Just look at him," cackled Brian Boru. "Think he can shut *me* into this chicken-yard when he can't even saw a board straight!"

It was but too true that Father McSooy was not a success in handling the saw. He soon cast it aside and attempted to split the boards with a blunt hatchet that displayed a tendency to sheer off at one side instead of making a clean cut down the center of the board. He set his teeth, grasped the hatchet firmly and made a mighty effort to split the board at one blow; with the result that one corner flew off and hit Aunt Sally, the most inquisitive of the hens, full in the eye. Her vociferous protest at this unprovoked attack was echoed by all her friends in a chorus of indignant cackles.

After another strenuous half-hour the holes in the fence were covered with a crazy patchwork of misshapen boards, and Father McSooy was beginning to feel a hard-earned satisfaction as he held the last nail in place. Suddenly the treacherous nail slipped to the ground and the hammer descended upon the carpenter's thumb. Father McSooy with set teeth repressed the words he longed to utter, and left the chicken yard, nursing his thumb and murmuring:

"A curate who picked up a hornet  
Could only say 'Gracious!' and 'Durn it!'  
Said he, 'I've regretted  
That in youth I neglected  
When I heard a good cuss word to learn it!'"

No sooner had the chicken yard gate closed than Brian Boru approached the fence calling to his harem to follow him to Mr. Stockfield's garden on the other side. Not finding his customary loop hole, he flew to the top of the fence, whence he uttered a shrill crow of defiance. Molly Bawn, a sentimental young hen, attempted to follow her lord; but she missed the mark and fell back with a foolish flop. Meanwhile the fickle King, unhampered by sentiment or conscience, flew down into Mr. Stockfield's asparagus bed.

### III.

**"W**HEREVER I turn my eyes I am looking over the lands of my ancestors," meditated Friend Timothy Stockfield with the complacent pride of the old-fashioned country gentleman. He sat on the porch of his colonial mansion waiting for his wife to complete her preparations for their visit to Philadelphia to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. The occasion was the happiest event of the year to Friend Timothy and Friend Martha Stockfield—a time of spiritual refreshment, of family reunion, of renewal of old friendships in William Penn's "fair green town." Ever since the first Timothy Stockfield had come from England in one of Penn's Companies more than two hundred years before, a Stockfield had represented Littleville in the Yearly Meeting. For the family had remained true to the religion of the great Quaker—never dreaming it was but a part of the ancient Faith that is the Soul of Europe and the Birth-right of America.

"No sign of rain today! The weather-man forgot this is Quaker Week," chuckled the old gentleman, as he looked out over his garden all aglow with the touch of Spring. The garden was the joy of his heart, the fruit of his own toil. For Friend Stockfield, though reputed the weathiest country gentleman in that part of New Jersey, lived in simple style. While he worked among his roses or in his vegetable garden, his good wife washed her old china and silver and dusted her mahogany furniture with her own aristocratic hands. Beloved by all, the old couple were familiarly known as Uncle Timothy and Aunt Martha, not only to their relatives but to the community.

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"How good the Lord has been to us," thought the old gentleman. "Forty years ago this very day I first met Martha at Yearly Meeting; and we've been there together every year since, never once absent or late." He took his watch from his pocket and saw with a sudden revulsion of feeling that it was past the time for them to start on their long drive to Philadelphia. Striding to the foot of the stairs, he called, "What is the matter, Martha? Isn't thee ready yet?"

A voice from above responded in tones singularly deliberate, "I can not find my new gloves, and I shall not go without them."

Friend Stockfield knew that tone well. It meant that his wife was in an obstinate mood, and that argument would be impolitic. He suppressed an impatient exclamation, wheeled around, and trod heavily upon the cat's tail as she lay on the floor behind him. Poor Priscilla uttered an agonized yowl that changed abruptly into a vindictive hiss. Then she shot up the stairs and mysteriously disappeared.

"What is thee doing to Priscilla? Did thee hurt her?" called Aunt Martha.

"No, but I will if she doesn't quit lying at the foot of the stairs." Friend Stockfield was a Quaker in belief but not in temperament.

"Be sure to put her out before thee locks up the house. Flora will look after her while we are away," continued the voice from above.

"Lock up the house with thee in it? And how can I put the cat out when I don't know where she is?" demanded Uncle Timothy.

"Thee must find her. No doubt she's in the attic. That's where she goes when she's offended," was Aunt Martha's decisive reply.

"If thee expects me to spend the morning climbing around the attic we might as well give up going to Philadelphia once for all." Uncle Timothy's voice was as gruff as he knew how to make it. His wife wisely resorted to diplomacy. She came to the head of the staircase, and said in her gentlest tone, "Please, dear, try to find Priscilla. I know thee wouldn't leave her shut up in the house to starve. I'll try not to delay thee much longer if thee will be kind enough to find her."

AUNT MARTHA had lost her youth, but not her youthful blandishments. Her husband groaned, but obediently mounted the stairs to the attic. He had spoken advisedly of "climbing around the attic." Aunt Martha had a passion for hoarding old furniture and utensils, so that her attic was a veritable museum of antiques—

household articles that she regarded as too shabby to use, yet too good to throw away. "They may be useful to someone some day," was her invariable response when Hannah, the hired girl, made her semi-annual protest in house-cleaning season. And Hannah always made the same retort, "I do hate to go rummaging around in rubbage!"

UNCLE TIMOTHY, in quest of the cat, picked his way gingerly through the rubbage, peering anxiously into shadowy corners and calling in persuasive tones, "Here Prissy! Pretty Prissy! Pretty Prissy! . . . *Where are you, you blame fool!*" The sudden change of tone was occasioned by his having stepped on the rim of a pan placed under a leak in the roof. The pan adroitly turned over and deposited the rain water it contained on the old gentleman's polished shoe. Under the stimulus of this encounter, he strode savagely around the long attic, stepping high over decrepit chairs, and whirling trunks and boxes out of his way with a surprising energy. His gyrations were watched with languid interest by Priscilla, who reclined at ease on a sofa in a dark corner. At last Uncle Timothy, groping under a rickety table and thinking that a discarded saucepan was Priscilla's black body, upset a pile of old kitchen utensils. A series of crashes ensued, which brought Aunt Martha to the foot of the stairs.

"What in the world is thee doing now, Timothy? Come down; never mind picking up the pans. We must start right away. The cat is out on the back porch. Thee frightened her nearly to death with that noise."

"Oh, did I? It's a pity I didn't finish the job, then," he retorted, descending with flushed face and dusty coat. But his wife gently brushed him off, and his serenity was restored as he looked at the sweet picture she made in her gray silk costume—dress, bonnet, gloves, handbag and umbrella, all matching her silver hair. Her husband's satisfaction was not diminished as he glanced into the long mirror at the reflection of his own tall figure in his immaculate gray suit. For a man will be a man, even if he is on the frosty side of sixty and the head of the Friends' Meeting!

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," said Uncle Timothy jocosely, as he locked the front door, while Aunt Martha went down the walk between the hedges to the side gate. Suddenly she called, "Timothy! Timothy, quick! There's

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a strange rooster scratching up my lilies of the valley!"

Uncle Timothy hurried out. "It belongs to the priest next door," he said. "I'd like to teach him his duty to his neighbors! . . . Shoo!"

Brian Boru, industriously rooting up the plants, was rudely interrupted by a shower of pebbles. Cackling wildly, he fled back to the vegetable garden, while Uncle Timothy called, "He's gone into the truck patch, Martha. He'll ruin everything there. Will thee look out in the street and find a boy to help me catch him? James has gone to the farm."

Aunt Martha went to the front gate and looked out anxiously, but Main Street was bare of boys. The cook and the hired man had both been given a week's vacation. Uncle Timothy, therefore, was left to encounter the enemy single-handed. Brian Boru ran around the garden in ever-widening circles, cackling louder and louder. Uncle Timothy ran after him, dashing headlong over the neat rows of young vegetables and doing more damage than the rooster could have done at his worst. At last the hard-pressed King flew out into the lane, and rushed, screaming frantically, in the direction of the side gate where the carriage stood waiting.

Jonathon, the fat bay horse, had stood peacefully dozing in the warm sunshine for half an hour. James, the hired man had not tied him to the hitching post; for the necessity of so doing did not present itself to the imagination of anyone acquainted with the old horse's habits. Twenty years before Jonathon, a blooded colt, had been purchased by Mr. Stockfield at the Rancocas Farm. He had now settled down to a self-indulgent old age. He was, as became a Quaker horse, a conscientious objector to any form of violence, finding in serene contemplation his entire satisfaction.

**B**UT on this memorable morning, Jonathon was aroused from his meditations by a mighty rushing sound behind him—a sound of trampling feet on the gravel road and of shrill cries in an unknown language. Did memories of his fiery youth and of the Rancocas race track awaken in his mind? He snorted, threw up his head and stood quivering. In an instant, directly under his nose flew a strange, terrifying feathered shape uttering strange, terrifying cries, and immediately after it a stranger and more terrifying shape that seemed to be all arms and legs in violent and aggressive motion. Jonathon reared up, then sprang forward and galloped

madly out of the gate and down the street. Uncle Timothy, spent with the chase of Brian Boru, stood gasping and helpless, while Aunt Martha sank down upon the piazza steps, stunned with amazement to see Jonathon starting for Yearly Meeting at full gallop—and alone!

### IV.

**Y**OUNG Mrs. Hayle was hotly pursuing a scantily-feathered little chicken in her garden. It was the same immodest fowl she had described to Mrs. Stockfield. After a few hectic moments she seized it under the currant bushes and threw it over the hedge, exclaiming, "I'd like to wring your neck and Mr. Bates', too. Here it is lunch time and Dick is as glum as a Quaker meeting when his meals are late."

But Dick showed no sign of glumness at luncheon. He had the air of alert interest characteristic of the small-town citizen who had news to impart.

"Did thee hear that Uncle Timothy's horse ran away?" he inquired.

Mrs. Hayle fell back in her chair. "What is thee giving me?" she inquired with scornful incredulity.

"I'm not giving thee anything—and thee's not giving *me* anything either. Please pour the tea and pass the butter. Just as Uncle Timothy and Aunt Martha were ready to get into the buggy something frightened Jonathon and he ran away, at full gallop, first time in ten years. Bill Jackson said he went down the street as if he were on the Rancocas race track. Luckily the buggy hit the post at the Bank corner, and that seemed to sober the old boy, for he slowed up and Bill caught him. The buggy is in bad shape."

"Just to think of Jonathon running away—Jonathon! What could have frightened him?"

"Ann Sacket said the Catholic priest scared him."

Mrs. Hayle burst into a peal of laughter. "That sounds like Ann Sacket! Thee knows she never told a story straight in her life, not even by accident. I've heard many strange stories about priests, but I never yet heard of one lying in wait to scare a peaceful old Quaker horse into running away."

"Well, suppose thee brings in the dessert. And thee'd better go around to the mansion after lunch and see how things are. The old folks must feel badly to miss their trip to Yearly Meeting," said Dick.

"The first time in forty years! It is too bad.

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I do wonder what that crazy old Ann had in mind when she said it was the priest's fault. Here's some pineapple ice cream I've made. Let me know how thee likes it."

Home-made ice cream was an innovation in the Hayle household. Mr. Hayle looked at the saucer, then deliberately took his eye glass case from his pocket, carefully adjusted the glasses, and again inspected the plate before him. Apparently reassured, he took a very small portion of the ice cream upon the tip of his spoon and tasted it cautiously; then slowly ate it with the resigned air of one who had resolved to risk all.

"How does thee like it?" inquired Mrs. Hayle.

"It's the very best potato ice cream I ever ate," replied her husband with earnestness.

"What do you mean, you idiot?" she demanded.

"If I'm an idiot, I don't mean anything," gravely replied her husband, stooping to kiss the pretty cheek that already showed a tell-tale dimple. "Goodbye. I must hurry back to attend to that order from New York. Thee go on around to Uncle Timothy's."

"Don't worry," said Flora. "Nothing would keep me away."

### V.

MRS. HAYLE experienced a delectable thrill of expectant curiosity as she approached her uncle's house. "The Catholic priest scaring Jonathon! And Jonathon running away! It's really too good to be true. Father McSooy isn't such a bad looking man—not at all bad looking. Jonathon must be super-sensitive. One would suppose if he could stand looking at Hannah, he could stand anything, even a Popish priest. Wouldn't you think so, Pete?" she asked of her Skye terrier.

As she drew near the little church with the cross over the door—that mysterious little church that was the object of her secret curiosity—her steps lingered. "It's the strangest thing how I feel whenever I pass that church," she thought. "It's just as if Someone was pulling me in. And yet I'm scared to go in." She stopped before the door. "Perhaps if I just go in for a few minutes I'll break the spell, whatever it is." She looked up and down the shaded street. No one was in sight. "I'd hate to have anyone see me; they'd think I was crazy." She pushed open the door, and for the first time in her life found herself alone before the tabernacle.

She sat down on a bench near the door and

looked around at the white walls and crude furnishings of the little church. "I fail to see," she mused, "why people say that a Roman Catholic Church is impressive. The only impression it gives me is tawdriness and bad taste. Except the altar—that is rather nice. It looks like an Episcopal altar except for that sort of cabinet in the middle. I'd like to know what it's for, and why the red light is always burning. I think it is the light that scares me. Why do they need it in the day time, and why is it red? I'd give anything to know."

SHE sat motionless looking intently at the tabernacle. During those moments of silence, so foreign to her vivacious personality, she had no coherent thoughts. She waited, but was not conscious of waiting, nor of herself. At last she sprang up, exclaiming in her most energetic manner, "What in the world am I sitting here for? Yes, yes, Petie, don't scratch the door down! Mamma's coming, pet lamb."

Pete followed his mistress quietly into the sitting room of her uncle's mansion. Flora was conscious of a chill in the air. Mrs. Stockfield was seated on the stiffest high-backed chair in the room in an attitude of unbending dignity in her gray gown. She was knitting serenely. There was nothing about her to indicate she had even contemplated driving to Philadelphia that morning, or that anything had ever ruffled her. To associate her even remotely with a run-away horse seemed almost sacrilegious.

But Aunt Martha's elaborate serenity was a sign that she was out of temper. Flora therefore approached her gently. "Good-morning—I mean—good-afternoon, Aunt Martha. I was frightened to hear about the accident—although Dick said no one was hurt. Even yet I can't believe Jonathon actually ran away . . . Why, there is Uncle Timothy on the sofa in the parlor! Is he sick? Why is his face covered up?"

"He has had an attack with his heart. He must be quiet," replied Aunt Martha, glancing at the motionless figure in the opposite room, but still knitting composedly.

"The old dear! What brought on a heart attack? And what on earth did Ann Sackett mean by saying the Catholic priest scared Jonathon?"

"It was not the priest, it was his rooster," was the reply in the same unemotional tone.

"Oh! I see! The difference between a priest and a rooster! We couldn't expect Ann to make a fine distinction like that," said Flora. "And what has happened to Uncle's hat?" She



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picked up a shapeless gray object. "Did the rooster scare that, too?"

"He sat down on it," was the cold reply.

"The rooster?"

"Thy uncle sat down on it when he came in from chasing the rooster."

Flora sank into an arm chair, and laughed until the tears rolled down her face. There was an answering chuckle from the parlor. Uncle Timothy never could resist Flora's mirth. Aunt Martha ignored them both, and calmly knitted on.

"Oh, do excuse me," said Flora, wiping her eyes. "I couldn't help laughing; it is all so—so funny. Jonathon running away, and the priest, and the rooster, and the hat." Here she lapsed into incoherence.

Mrs. Stockfield knitted on. The cause of her displeasure was revealed. Uncle Timothy's sitting down upon his made-to-order hat she regarded as "sinful carelessness," and he was not yet forgiven. Hence her reference to him in speaking to her niece as "thy uncle"—as though he were no relation to herself. Flora's laughter also displeased her.

"Dear Auntie, please let me understand," said Flora. "Why was Uncle chasing Father McSooy's rooster?" Did it get into the garden?"

"Yes," was the response.

"And did Uncle try to catch it? And is that how the horse got frightened?"

"Yes."

"And do you mean to say, Aunt Martha, that Father McSooy allowed his chickens to get out again just after we went to the expense of getting all those hand-bills printed? What did I tell thee at the meeting? Didn't I say it would do just as much good to talk to the chickens? And just to think of that priest setting himself up as holier than all the rest of us! Don't ever talk to me about the piety of Roman Catholics!"

As Mrs. Hayle's righteous indignation rose, her aunt's subsided. She laid aside her knitting, and smiled at her husband, who now entered and greeted his niece affectionately. "Thank thee, Flora, I'm all right now. My heart was in bad shape for awhile, after I had been chasing that—that rooster. I tried to catch him in the truck patch, but he flew out into the lane, and as I chased him toward the gate he flew almost into Jonathon's face. I think Jonathon must have been asleep, and, of course, it startled him being waked up that way. He probably thought it was the Jersey Devil," chuckled Uncle Timothy. His

sense of humor was almost as alert as Mrs. Hayle's. But then his face grew stern.

"As to what thee said just now about the priest, thee is quite right. He should preach a sermon to himself on the text, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'. I have his rooster shut up in a coop (Joseph Allen caught him for me at last) and now that I feel better, I shall take him to Father McSooy and tell him plainly what I think of his neighborly conduct."

## VI

FATHER McSOOY sat lost in thought at his desk. A loud knocking at the front door interrupted him. Mary had gone on an errand. Father McSooy hurriedly opening the door, stood speechless with astonishment. On the porch stood a tall, gray-haired gentleman dressed with scrupulous neatness in Quaker garb. His carriage was dignified, his expression severe; and he would have presented a most imposing appearance if he had not held in his right hand *the legs of a struggling, squawking rooster!* Near the old gentleman (whom Father McSooy recognized as Mr. Stockfield) stood a modishly dressed young woman, who was making an obvious effort to look as serious as her uncle.

"I would like to have a few minutes' conversation with thee, Father McSooy," said Friend Stockfield in measured accents.

"Certainly, Mr. Stockfield," replied the astonished priest. "Please come in." He wondered if the chicken was a donation; for he did not recognize poor Brian Boru in his inverted position. Who does recognize a king that is upside down?

Uncle Timothy came into the hall, followed by Flora, who glanced through the open study door with the alert curiosity characteristic even of the well-bred lady in a small town. As for Brian Boru, he but squawked louder than ever.

"Father McSooy," said Friend Stockfield, raising his voice to be heard above the rooster's clamor, "thy rooster has done very serious damage."

"My rooster!" interrupted Father McSooy. "Is that *my* rooster?"

"And whose rooster did thee think it was?" inquired Uncle Timothy, his temper rising.

"I thought it was yours," replied the priest.

"I am not in the habit of taking my chickens with me to make formal calls, sir," said the old gentleman, while Mrs. Hayle looked hard to suppress her laughter. "My chickens stay at

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home in the chicken yard where they belong. *Thy* rooster, after doing many dollars' worth of damage in my garden, frightened my horse into running away; so that I missed the first day's session of the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. As one of the heads of the Littleville Meeting my attendance at the Yearly Meeting was very necessary, and my failure to attend, through the fault of *thy* rooster, was extremely unfortunate."

"I AM exceedingly sorry you were unable to attend," said Father McSooy, who had never heard of Yearly Meeting. "Allow me to relieve you of my rooster, and to apologize for his misconduct." The transfer being effected with some difficulty, Father McSooy added, with unconscious hauteur, "Can I be of any further service to either of you? Will you wait in the parlor while I put the troublesome chicken in the poultry yard?" He looked at Flora as he asked the question, but her uncle interposed as she was about to reply.

"Thee *can* be of service to the entire community, young man, if thee will remember that thy neighbors have some rights. The Village Improvement Society has gone to the trouble of distributing hand-bills requesting all chicken owners to keep their chickens where they belong. My niece here is Vice-President of the Society; and she can tell thee how seriously she herself has been annoyed by neighbors' chickens. She had the hand bills left at every door in the town this very morning. We have just cause to be indignant that our reasonable request has been disregarded."

Father McSooy was of the Irish gentry, the oldest and proudest aristocracy of Europe. In addition, he had the city-bred man's instinctive contempt for the "rube." The lordly manner of this rustic autocrat angered him, and the magnifying of a trifling accident into a serious calamity seemed to him ridiculous. He would not placate Mr. Stockfield's wrath by telling him of the strenuous hour he had spent in the chicken yard that morning. So he merely replied, with quiet irony, "I thank you, sir, for your valuable advice, and will lay it to heart. No one was injured, I trust, by the unfortunate accident?"

Flora now broke in. "My uncle was made very ill for several hours by chasing the rooster. His carriage is broken; his vegetables trampled; and he missed his important engagement in the city. To say nothing of the shock to the horse's nerves! He is twenty-two years old, and hasn't been off a jog trot for ten years. All that ac-

complished by one chicken! Perhaps you are not very well acquainted with chickens, Father McSooy. I am, I can testify, to my sorrow! You have no idea of the malicious villainy concealed under the apparently innocent and inane exterior of a chicken. Your rooster looks penitent and meek now—" [Father McSooy had turned poor Brian Boru right side up, and was holding him gently in his arm] "but he's just waiting for a chance to break out worse than ever tomorrow. Mark my words, he's plotting a fresh attack upon poor Uncle Timothy this very minute, idiotic as he looks! I mean the rooster."

As Flora paused for breath, her sparkling glance met the priest's and saw an answering twinkle. But Uncle Timothy's righteous indignation had by no means subsided. "I wish thee good-day, Father McSooy. Come, Flora."

As they reached the gate Flora exclaimed, "Why, he's a gentleman, Uncle Timothy, in spite of being named McSooy. He's as much a gentleman as we are!"

Uncle Timothy usually laughed at Flora's malaprop speeches, but now he only remarked shortly, "Let him show us that he's a Christian!"

"Dick," said Mrs. Hayle that evening after giving her husband a dramatic account of the events of the afternoon, "wasn't it altogether detestable of that priest to make no attempt to keep his chickens in? And he such a gentleman, too. He knows better!"

"How does thee know he didn't make an attempt?" asked Dick drowsily, from the sofa.

"Well, now! Just as if he wouldn't have said so, if he had!"

"Probably he couldn't get a word in edgeways. Between a woman, a rooster, and a Quaker preacher, what chance would a Catholic priest have?"

"How funny you think you are, don't you?" said Flora with scornful incoherence. But she was silent for fully five minutes afterward. Dick's question had given her a new point of view.

## VII.

BEHOLD Father McSooy at his desk in the throes of composing a magazine article. In hot pursuit of a Big Idea, he did not hear the door creak.

"Feyther!"

Away flew the Big Idea. The author groaned.

"Feyther!"

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A TERRIBLE Medusa head in the door-way—red face, rumpled hair, a smear of stove blacking across the nose, eyes glaring with excitement.

"What?"

"There's a Quacker birrud the soize of a Turr-key cock has et up the flower bid intoirely, and now he's laying in it!"

Father McSooy was compelled to laugh. "Truly a remarkable bird, Mary. He must be a relation of the Jersey Devil! Give him my respectful compliments. Now shut the door and let me alone."

Mary shut the door with a bang, and went stamping down stairs, muttering, "Compliments, is it? I'll give him some compliments he'll not forgit!"

Suddenly she paused, as a dark design shaped itself in her mind. Turning, she tiptoed up the creaking stairs with the noiselessness of an elephant. Returning with a ragged black shawl over her arm, she glided down stairs with the same airy tread. But Father McSooy, again pursuing the Big Idea, was deaf to these elaborate precautions.

Remembering her "Feyther's" mysterious allusion to the Jersey Devil, Mary paused on the porch steps to survey the despoiler who was reposing in the midst of the ruin he had wrought. He was a monstrous Shanghai rooster named Fanny, the king of the Stockfield poultry yard. He had been reared from chickenhood by Hannah. When his name proved a misfit Hannah refused to change it to Goliath, as recommended by Friend Stockfield; and Mr. Hayle's suggestion of "John L. Sullivan" was also turned down. Fanny was the terror of all stray chickens; and only the day before had given Brian Boru such a thrashing the humiliated King had been compelled to wear a white bandage around his neck, much to the amusement of his fickle lady friends.

"It's a foine toime ye're havin', me darlin'," said Mary to the slumbering champion, "but ye moight be afther gettin' a sun stroke there!" She crept cautiously toward the enemy, holding the big shawl outspread before her. But tripping on the brick border of the flower bed, she fell flat upon the unhappy Fanny, whose frantic kicks and pecks were unavailing against nigh two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. Mary struggled to her feet, claspng to her bosom a huge, palpitating black bundle emitting faint squawks of terror. She hurried to the cellar and thrust the prisoner, shawl and all, into an

empty chicken coop in a dark corner. "Here's yer house alriddy furrnished, me dear! Now I'll bring ye a bite to eat. It would be on me sowl if I let the poor crature starve!" muttered Mary, panting but triumphant.

The next day was Saturday. Mary kept creaking down the cellar stairs with dainty morsels for the "beautiful birrud" that was rapidly rivaling poor Brian Boru in her affections. But her thoughts dwelt uneasily upon the coming ordeal of the confessional. Would it be necessary to tell "Feyther" about the prisoner? Of course she intended to restore him! But first she wanted to give "thim haythen Quackers" a good scare. She debated the problem seriously; but alas! expediency won out. She did not go to confession. The next day Father McSooy preached a sermon on the sin of dishonesty, little dreaming of the dark secret his own cellar concealed.

FRIEND STOCKFIELD sat in his favorite chair in a sunny corner of his piazza. It was Sunday afternoon. His glance occasionally wandered from the big Bible open on his knees to the radiant loveliness all around him—everywhere color and fragrance under the wondrous sky. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters," repeated the old gentleman.

There was a soft swish of silk—his wife stood beside him. "Timothy, what does thee think I have discovered? Hannah has the priest's rooster in a coop in the chicken yard! She says she caught him while we were at meeting. She has been going on like a lunatic ever since Fanny disappeared—says she knows the 'heathen' as she calls them Catholics, have got him. She says she intends to keep their rooster. She was impertinent to me when I reproved her, and thee knows none of our servants have ever given us impudence. Will thee speak to her?"

"Let her alone for the present; and let the rooster be where he is until tomorrow. This is the Lord's Day! Let us keep it in peace," said Uncle Timothy.

Mrs. Stockfield looked her disapproval, but she went quietly upstairs to her room. Her husband turned the pages of his Bible, but his attention wandered. At last a verse caught his eye: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Friend Stockfield shut the book. I suppose my 'enemy' means that blamed Popish rooster. I must go and look after him."

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In the chicken yard he found Brian Boru in a very small coop. He still wore the white rag around his neck—rather soiled, and painfully unbecoming. His head protruded wildly from his prison, his eyes stared in terror. The Stockfield chickens stood in a derisive group before the coop.

"Thee looks like a victim in the pillory!" chuckled Uncle Timothy. "I think thee has been punished enough. I'll take thee home again."

The prisoner was extracted from the coop, struggling violently. Friend Stockfield started for the side gate. But lo! a strange echo of Brian Boru's cries was heard from the rectory. Another tall man, also carrying a struggling shape, approached. At the gate the priest and the Quaker faced each other in mutual astonishment, each grasping the other's squawking rooster. Then simultaneously they burst into a shout of laughter.

"My housekeeper only a few moments ago confessed that she has had your rooster hidden in the cellar for two days," said Father McSooy, when he could get his breath. "She is as honest as you are, sir. She only meant to give you a lesson about your *duty to your neighbor*, she says."

At this Uncle Timothy laughed louder than

ever. Aunt Martha approached. She did not understand what the men were laughing about. But she had a mother's heart, and it went out to this young fellow who stood there in the sunshine looking like her own boy (she fancied) who died years ago. The poor handsome, lonely young man! She came up to the gate.

"Why, there is blood on thy hand! Fanny has hurt thee! Thee come right in and let me bind it up with peroxide. Timothy, please put the roosters where they belong. Come this way, Father McSooy."

Thus the terrible Fanny proved to be a dove of peace, though he did not look the part. The friendship established that day was to have blessed results in the future.

But there were two irreconcilables, watching and listening at their respective kitchen windows. Both overheard the priest's parting words to his hosts: "My sister is coming down soon, and then I want you to come and have tea with us. My housekeeper is the best cook in the village."

Hannah jerked a pan of biscuits from the oven and slammed the door, snorting, "Huh! That there heathen Catholic the best cook in Littleville! HUH!"

Mary slashed savagely into the potato she was peeling, muttering, "It'll be on me sowl if iver I make tay for haythen Quackers!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## *The Choice*

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

It's never too late to choose a new road—  
Traveler take this word to heart!  
It's never too late to choose the true road  
Where all life's highways meet and part.

Beckoning down that road's white distance  
Blossoms of Light transcendent nod  
Gilded by rays of morn supernal,  
Morn that mirrors the face of God.

There, though the day to twilight darken,  
Gleams through the dusk Faith's vesper star,  
There to the ear attuned to listen  
Music falls from the heights afar.

It's never too late to choose a new road—  
But while within us sparkles yet  
Life's bright tide, let us take the true road  
Clear to the portals of Heaven set.



# A High Romance\*

## The Life of Father Fidelis of the Cross

**B**IOGRAPHY is a field of letters forever demonstrating that "truth is stranger than fiction." Its resources can never be exhausted, nor its plots hackneyed or stale. Certain oldtime biographies maintain their interest and rank with later classics. Modern biographers have shown us certain advances in the interpretation of the great masterpieces which are the lives of men and women. In her recent book, *Troubadours of Paradise*, Sister Eleanore, C. S. C., presents a new aspect in the biography of saints, founders of religious orders and other holy men and women. She pictures her favorite saints and ours as human men and women, so life-like and similar to ourselves that they demonstrate what the grace of God may do for us, as it did for them. She interprets them in terms of our own viewpoint of saints.

Such viewpoint is that of the late Walter George Smith and his sister Helen Grace Smith in their combined presentation of the renowned convert and Passionist missionary, Father Fidelis of the Cross (James Kent Stone). It is a story which represses many intimate details which are usually deemed essential to a life history, and for which a reading public craves. But these details, we must perceive, are often better withheld when written by contemporaries. Father Fidelis, a most human, warm-hearted man, who ever advised his associate religious to beware of over-detachment, made some heroic renunciations when he took the austere road of his religious life. In a beautiful letter to his daughter, shaping the close of his life story, he tells her that he sealed in a box and cast into the waters of the Hudson River his most precious keepsakes of home life—the photographs of his baby daughters, and his dead wife's ring. Similarly during his long religious life of about fifty years, he buried in obscurity many personal details and facts which most biographers would seek to discover and make public. Hence this story, written by his closest friends of the laity,

is probably such a story as he himself would have wished written. It has the culture, the literary grace and judgment worthy of its subject and distinguishing its authors. It paints a life-like and memorable picture of a splendid soul for whom God's grace had woven a beautiful and appealing story. One feels that Charles Dickens would have loved to shape one of his plots about the facts of such a life story. Other biographers will stress the austerities of his religious life, and recount his abundant works of zeal and mercy which are here but sketched. But this story makes clear and strong the beauty of a life illuminated by the light of a cross which ordinary minds and hearts can apprehend—the cross of denied human affections and longings.

Stories of great men and women who left their home ties for the fuller service of God have always a poignant interest to us. St. Jane Frances de Chantal, stepping over the prostrate body of her little son to sever her human ties, Mother Seton putting aside her mourning and her maternal duties for the work of religious organization, Jerusha Barber, Cornelia Connelly, and others, parting with dearly loved spouse and children at the invitation of God—these though they thrill us, yet they somewhat appall us by their heroic austerity. Because his biographers have let us glimpse the pain and sorrow of Father Fidelis' renunciation, and because he then covered this pain and grief with such faithful cheerfulness in service, we do not feel repelled but rather attracted by the sublime beauty of the cross he bore. The rugged strength of his priestly soul is always tinged with the tender hues of natural affection, of longing, of remembrance of his children who through fifty years of separation ever remained to him his babies.

"His was a diverse nature," his biographers tell us. "On the one side the ardent, self-effacing temper of a missionary, and on the other the deepest and most sensitive affection . . . . As time went on, their (the foster parents') relations ceased with his mother and with the maternal relatives of the children. As they passed from childhood, they were given every advantage of

\**Fidelis of the Cross* by Walter George Smith and Helen Grace Smith. Price \$5.20 postpaid. May be ordered through THE SIGN.

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KENT STONE AS A PAULIST

education and travel, but their father's name and his people were for them practically non-existent.

"Here was a tragedy which might easily have been averted. Try as he would, the image of the baby faces was stamped upon his heart. In the long watches of the night, whether on the pampas of Argentina, or in the harbor of Rio, or the defiles of the Andes, in Rome, in Spain, or Panama or Cuba, or in watching the waves of the Pacific from the coast of Chile, there came back to him always the recollection of things past, the knowledge that they who were nearest in blood and dearest in love were as far from him as though they were strangers."

**B**RIEFLY, the facts of his life are as follows: He was born, James Kent Stone, descendant of Rev. Samuel Stone of Hereford, England, in Boston, Nov. 10, 1840, being the first child of the second marriage of Rev. John Seely Stone. His mother, Mary Kent Stone was a descendant of Chancellor James Kent of New York. He spent a happy and innocent childhood as member of a large and affectionate family. In 1856 he entered Harvard, leaving a year later to travel in Europe with his half-brother Archibald and

his half-sister Mary. He afterwards reentered Harvard but did not graduate there. He returned to Germany for study in 1860, became a daring Alpine climber during his vacations in Europe, and returned to the States to enlist for the Civil War. Not being of robust health, he was discharged for disability after six months, and had in that time distinguished himself for bravery and achievement. He then married Cornelia Fay, entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and took the position of President of Kenyon College. Because of his growing Catholic leanings, he resigned this post for that of the presidency of Hobart College. Meanwhile, keeping his own counsel, he was struggling with his convictions of the truth of the Catholic Faith. His young and beautiful wife, who was in full sympathy with him and disposed to follow him into the Catholic Church, died after the birth of the third child, Frances. Shortly after her death, he resigned the presidency of Hobart and his ministry in the Episcopal Church to become a Catholic. He presently entered the Paulist community. His peace and joy in this step were broken only by the pain his action caused his revered father and mother, and other relatives. But his parents, and in particular, his mother, took a noble and wise attitude regarding his decision, and did not let his conversion lessen or cloud their love for him and his motherless children. He now took his children from the care of their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Fay, and placed them temporarily with the Sisters of Mercy of Manchester, New Hampshire. Here his mother visited them, disarming her own natural prejudices by acquaintance with the Sisters. When he had decided to enter a more austere Order, he must provide for the support of his children. The second child, Ethel, now died suddenly on the sixth day of his novena to Our Lady for light in disposal of his children. She was buried on the ninth day of the novena, and on the 8th of December, Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Connor of San Rafael, California, came to adopt the surviving two. The O'Connors were wealthy and devout Catholics, childless and disposed to provide well for their adopted daughters. This arrangement was brought about through Father Louis Rosecrans of the Paulist Order.

**L**ETTERS from Father Fidelis, as he was now known, to his mother show that he had expected to keep in touch with his children despite the surrender of his legal rights in them, and that

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he wished also to have his mother and other relatives know them. But the O'Connors, perhaps naturally jealous of the affections of their adopted daughters whom they devotedly loved, thought otherwise, and decided it were better both for them and for their father to have no further communications. For some time, however, Mrs. Stone wrote to the O'Connors about the children, and sometimes Father Fidelis from his busy labors and wanderings sent a brief and pathetic message such as this one:

"If I do not return, tell the children that I loved them." It was not until the closing of his life, however, that they knew he loved them. Once he wrote a letter to his eldest daughter when she had come of legal age, but she was traveling in Europe and his letter came back unopened. Once he saw the two of them, on the occasion of the death of Mr. O'Connor, but they met him shyly and as strangers, occupied with their bereavement.

As Passionist missionary, Father Fidelis held the offices of Consultor General, Provincial in the United States and the Argentine, and organizer in Brazil, Argentina, and other parts of South America, the United States and in Spain. During the last war he was barred from Mexico by the Carranza government, and then went to Cuba and later to a negro mission at Corpus Christi, Texas. During epidemics of influenza he was heroic in devotion to the poorest of the negroes. Because of advanced years he was refused participation in war activities and service. In 1919 he went to Notre Dame, Indiana, where he wrote the story of his conversion, as *AN AWAKENING AND WHAT FOLLOWED*. Being now in poor health, he went to the Passionist monastery at Norwood Park, Chicago.

His daughter Frances, who was now caring for her foster-mother, read his book and for the first time realized the sacrifice her father had made and of his love for his children. She wrote to him and several letters passed between them which are included in this biography. Their beauty, and simple pathos outrival the creations of master fictionists. During his serious illness, Frances came to Chicago, and on his recovery took him back with her to San Mateo, California. Here the aged Mrs. O'Connor, unable to recognize him as the children's father, was ending her days, and here his beloved eldest daughter Cornelia, now a widow (Mrs. Michael Gazotte) and her son joined them. Father Fidelis was now in his eighty-first year.



FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, PASSIONIST

During the succeeding months of his life, their happiness in reunion was like a glimpse of heaven. What he had never asked of our Blessed Lady, She had given him freely in the sunset of his earthly life of fidelity—the satisfaction of the human longings which he had so generously renounced.

ONE of his first friends and associates in the Passionist Order was Father Maurice Deshon Smith, who had been attracted by Father Fidelis, whom he compared to Newman, and so had found his vocation. He believed that Father Fidelis might have been a great educator, a great writer, a great scholar, being diversely gifted. That he was a true poet, no one can doubt who reads the touching stanza—his only known poem—composed while on the South American Mission, and referring to his daughter Cornelia who was but six years old when he first parted from her. This poem, which his biographers have given us, explains his genius for friendships, such as his association with the Passionist priest-poet, Father Edmund Hill, and reveals most sweetly much that here remains untold of his inner life: It is entitled:

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### VALPARAISO BAY

A name I wrote upon the sand  
Where curved the long wave's foamy crest,  
Drawn from the mystic molten West  
To break on Chile's loveliest strand.

The cliff hung o'er the gleaming tide,  
And at its base with muffled shocks,  
Reverberant amid the rocks  
Tumultuous music woke and died.

And drawn from out the slumbering past,  
Wied thoughts awoke within my soul,  
Like echoes of the ocean's roll,  
Or driftwood by the waves upcast.

I wrote, and thrice the encroaching foam  
Swept seething upward and erased  
The furtive lines which I had traced,  
In vain recall of youth and home.

Dear God! In all this empty world,  
I seek no home forevermore,  
Nor look for rest, till by the shore  
Of death my ship her sails hath furled.

'Twas but a brief beguiling spell  
That held me by these rushing seas,

And I but played with memories  
To which long since I bade farewell.

Once in a happy, far-off day,  
As in a dream I sang and wrote;  
But sudden floods arose and smote,  
And swept my Paradise away.

And now throughout the silent years,  
The sand-wastes lie remote and dead,  
By loving steps unvisited,  
Nor ever dashed by showers of tears.

O Western Sea! O fair, fond Sea!  
I stretch my arms to greet thy light,  
Uplift me with thy generous might,  
And breathe thy greatness unto me!

The voices whisper peace; the breath  
Of heaven is on the summits steep  
That guard thy coast; then let me keep  
Here by thy waves my tryst with death—

No more to wander, and no more  
In all the world to seek for rest—  
Only to wait and by the West  
Look wistful toward the unseen shore.



FATHER FIDELIS AT THE AGE OF 81 WITH HIS DAUGHTERS, MME. CHARLES DE CAZOTTE AND MISS FRANCES O'CONNOR, AND HIS GRANDSON, MICHAEL DE CAZOTTE, IN THE GARDEN AT SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA



# Between the Acts

## *An Actor Convert and His Conversion*

ON SUNDAY, Dec. 5, 1908, the company with which I had been playing since early in the previous September arrived in Peoria, Ill., where we were booked to open the following night. There were two practical Catholics in the company and after depositing their traveling bags at the hotel and asking to be directed to the nearest Catholic Church, they hastened to the Cathedral to hear Mass.

The next morning the stage manager (whom we will call Donald) said to me: "How I wish you had been to Mass with us yesterday. After Mass we heard some wonderful music; a priest was improvising at the organ. I am sure you would have enjoyed it." Remembering the rather dull sermon I had heard at a certain Protestant Church, I replied: "Yes, I wish I had; you know how fond I am of good music."

"Why not come with us Tuesday morning," he returned, "it is the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Perhaps he may play again."

I had not the faintest idea what was meant by the feast of the Immaculate Conception, but consented to go. The morning of the 8th of December found me for the second or third time in my life witnessing the Catholic ceremony which I knew was called "Mass." I remember having attended Mass on a certain Easter Sunday years before and again it was quite incomprehensible. I doubtless remembered my early training that "Catholic worship is all external show," but I was in the House of God and although secretly bored and impatient, was reverent. "Will Mass never end? Will the priestly Music-Master be so good as to go to the organ?" Such were the distracting thoughts that possessed my mind. But I was doomed to disappointment. There was no music after Mass. I had gone solely to hear some improvisations and all that I heard, that I could understand, were some few Latin phrases. My friend apologized for the priest's non-appearance, but I was not to be comforted.

That same evening, after the performance at the theatre, I strolled into Donald's room across the corridor from my own and with a sigh of despair asked him to explain the Mass: and—"here-by hangs the tale."

It will be necessary to review briefly my impressions and convictions of Catholics and Catholicism up to the date mentioned above. My parents had very little to do with my anti-Catholic prejudices. In fact, I do not remember that they ever said a word against Catholicism. I was sent to Sunday-School, taught to respect the Sabbath day, to say my prayers, and my mother tried to foster high ideals and a love for the good and the pure. My prejudices were principally imbibed in the public grammar and high schools. Protestant histories do not tend to increase one's admiration for the Catholic Church. It is only in recent years that I have discovered the truth of De Maistre's indictment of Protestant histories: "That for the last three hundred years history has been nothing else than a grand conspiracy against the truth." The greatest amount of prejudice was probably received through reading a book on Monks, Nuns-buried-alive, the Inquisition, etc. I selected this book from the school book-case and devoured its four or five hundred pages with avidity. I laid it aside with a sigh of horror at this depravity and cruelty of the "Jesuitical Monks" . . . . With tears of sympathy for the poor nuns, I wondered how it was possible for such a tyrannical, priest-ridden organization as the Catholic Church to continue to exist during "these enlightened days." I had known two very respectable Catholic families during my early youth, but the only thought I had ever entertained as to their religion was to wonder how such otherwise "nice" people could be Catholics. Catholics were, in short, a poor, benighted and oppressed people, more to be pitied than scorned! For the people, pity; for the Church, loathing and contempt.

AFTER some time spent on the road, these impressions had been modified slightly but were for the most part unimpaired. There was but one experience, transitory and fleeting as it was, which is worth mentioning.

A year before the opening of this story I was playing in Montreal. It was my first trip there, and I was curious to see the famous old Church of Notre Dame. My iconoclastic ancestors had not been able to extinguish my love for the beau-

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tiful as regards church decorations. I was charmed and delighted with this noble edifice. The wood work so wonderfully carved, the stained glass windows, the devotional gloom that pervaded the place and finally the Lady-chapel behind the High Altar—all impressed me most favorably. Another thing that was particularly brought home to me was the fact that here class and social distinctions were notably absent. I saw men and women of widely divergent states of life kneeling in absorbed, silent devotion; the working man in his rough jacket, the hooded country-woman, the well-dressed business man, the aristocratic grand dame. The thought struck me: "Here is the Church, not of the high born or of the poor, but the Church of *all classes*." The example of the worshippers prompted me to kneel in one of the pews and recite the Lord's prayer and a few aspirations of homage to the Creator of the Universe. As I knelt, I thought how beautiful it was that the Catholic churches are open to worshippers *every day* and not like my Protestant house of worship, a place where God is remembered only *on Sunday*; how truly admirable a fact it was that the Catholic religion was a religion for *every day* in the week, so unlike my own, which for the most part was put on a shelf on Monday morning with my Sunday "bib and tucker" and was not very much in evidence until the following Sunday. These thoughts were the first concessions I had ever made to the old Catholic Church. But here is the incident that is indelibly stamped upon my memory. Words fail me in an attempt to describe it, for as I firmly believe it was truly supernatural—above and beyond the natural order of things, if you will. As I knelt there, dimly contrasting the silence and devotion of this House of God with the hoarse noises of the streets beyond the plaza, I suddenly became vividly sensible of a Presence near me. I do not pretend to have had a vision or to have been rapt in an ecstasy, for such expressions had only a vague meaning to me at that time. No, I was perfectly conscious of where I was, of my own identity and condition, but I felt by some strange, interior sense of perception, that I need only stretch out my right hand to touch *my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!* I had not, until months after, the faintest notion of the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence.

I DID not mention this experience until I met my friend Donald. At the time I was greatly impressed by the occurrence but did not think

that it happened because I was in a Catholic Church, but that it might just as well have happened in a Protestant Church; but now . . . !

A very short time elapsed and I forgot all about it until the doctrine of the Real Presence came to my notice.

SINCE the glorious gift of the Faith has been bestowed upon me, I feel sure that it was none other than He Who out of infinite love hides Himself beneath the Eucharistic veils. The dull, earthly ears and eyes of the flesh had not been able to hear the patter of the transpierced Feet, nor catch sight of the out-stretched Hands, but some unknown chord of the soul had throbbed at the nearness of the presence of Him in Whose image and likeness it had been created. It knew however, that it was He Who said: "Lo, it is I, be not afraid . . . . I am the Good Shepherd Who giveth His life for His sheep . . . Who wearieth not till the last sheep is safely within the fold . . . and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Truly, it was the pursuit of the Hound of Heaven, and I knew it not.

This experience was indeed novel and startling. . . . yes, intensely sweet, but let me repeat that it was quickly forgotten and in a short time both the memory of my condescending ideas of the Catholic Church and the Church of Notre Dame, faded from my mind.

But to return to the hotel in Peoria and Donald.

What then had aroused my interest in the "popish-Mass" to such an extent that I wished to have it explained by a Catholic? In a word, the life and good example of my friend Donald. About eight weeks after the opening of the theatrical season mentioned above, I became more intimately acquainted with the stage-manager. His was a very strong and attractive personality and I was somewhat surprised to learn that he was a Catholic. Such a pity! He was the most popular member of the company, having a cheering word and a bright smile for all. He was an excellent conversationalist and after the performance generally had a crowd of our fellow-actors about him in the hotel lobby or sitting-room. The hours sped on, often until two or three in the morning. He disliked going to bed and, of course, was loath to arise, but night after night it was the same thing. If it was during the week he could sleep the next morning as late as he pleased, but on Saturday night it was the same thing over again. Theatrical companies generally travel on Sunday from one city to

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another, so as to be able to begin their engagement on Monday night. The one thing that called forth my admiration for Donald was to see him rise at four-thirty on Sunday morning after two or three hours sleep and go to some church. He would not miss Mass on Sunday morning if he could possibly avoid doing so. Often our company was leaving on an early train for our next "stand" and he must necessarily go to an early Mass in order to return in time to leave with the company.

**A**n example of fidelity to duty, of the courage of conviction, such as this, could not fail to impress anyone given to serious thought. I saw him do this time and again; nor was he ashamed to kneel at his bed to say his prayers before retiring. He had no human respect where his religion was concerned. On Fridays, when some of the nominal Catholics winked at the abstinence, Donald contented himself with fish and gently rallied his co-religionists for being "heathens." Not that he paraded his religious beliefs or carried about him a "holier-than-thou" air; it was simply the quiet, unobtrusive action of a man who had the courage to do as he believed, without trying to attract the attention of others or contrast their conduct with his own. However unintentional, the contrast was there, and need I say it was striking?

Do you wonder that I was attracted and edified; that a greater respect for Catholics and their Faith took possession of me? For the first time I had come in close personal contact with a practical, representative Catholic. I saw that he had a faith that was *vital*, a part of his every day life; a faith that could demand sacrifices and exact a cheerful and ready response in the one professing it. Differ we may with another in convictions and principles, but when we see a man ready and willing to undergo sacrifices not always easy to poor human nature, and particularly when we know that our own convictions do not demand nearly so much sacrifice, then I say, we are bound to respect the man, even though we disagree from him in belief. The above statement, although very commonplace, best expresses why I was now in a state of mind where I was willing to listen with a greater degree of respect to the explanation of a Catholic ceremony. I asked an explanation of the Mass because I was curious. As I told Donald: "It is all Greek to me!" How often have I thanked God that I met a Catholic who *knew* his religion!

Donald gave me a clear and comprehensive ex-

planation of the Mass, and when he had finished, my curiosity about the Faith was aroused to such an extent that I inquired if it were possible to obtain a book explaining Catholic belief. When I asked for this book I had no more idea than a wooden Indian of becoming a Catholic, for I was perfectly satisfied with the light that illumined my own position. I became conscious, however, of my ignorance of what Catholics really believe. I wished merely to be better posted. I asked for the book from the same motive that would induce me to go to an encyclopedia and look up—say, the Sun Worshipers of Egypt—not because I had the remotest idea of becoming a Sun-Worshiper but simply to add to my limited stock of knowledge.

A week later Donald handed me a copy of the late Bishop Stang's *Spiritual Pepper and Salt*. It was salty and peppery. The only passage that I distinctly remember at the present writing, which I absolutely refused to accept, was the statement to the effect that outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation. Many other arguments of the book seemed plausible enough, but I almost threw the book aside in disgust at this passage. Donald came to the rescue once more. When I understood the Catholic meaning of the statement—not my own interpretation—I was forced to confess that from the Catholic viewpoint it was reasonable and logical.

The book, a brief and simple exposition of the Catholic Faith, served the admirable purpose of sharpening my curiosity, whereas I might have become impatient of reading a more comprehensive work at the start. I was far from being convinced of the truth of Catholicism, very far indeed. One rarely journeys to Rome in a day. One's early training and environment, old convictions and prejudices, calumnies and a hundred and one other obstacles are the almost impassable barriers and stumbling-blocks that retard the non-Catholic's pilgrimage to the Eternal City.

**A**FEW weeks later we were playing in St. Paul, Minn. I had decided by this time to make a more thorough examination of the Catholic Faith, assured of my ability to pick the flaws in the arguments in its favor. Arrived at St. Paul, I went to a Catholic book-store and bought *Catholic Belief* by Di Bruno, and *The Question Box*. Later on I read *The Faith of Our Fathers*, *Catholic Ceremonies*, *The Liturgical Year* and several other works. Returning to the hotel I retired to my room and was soon absorbed in *Catholic Belief*. In my deep interest, the wants

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of the body were almost forgotten; a hasty bite at luncheon and at dinner was quite sufficient. It was my soul that needed food.

At the theatre, my book lay open on my dressing table while I put on my "make up." Every spare moment, before the curtain at 8:30 and between the acts found me book in hand, sometimes nodding my head in approval and sometimes scowling savagely at the innocent line in decided disapproval and contradiction.

THE scene of actual conflict took place in Donald's sitting-room at the hotel. These "sessions," generally after the show began about 11:30 p. m. and ran into the wee sma hours, three to four-thirty a. m. It was a period of strenuous thinking and close application, nor did I neglect prayer for although I did not wish to become a Catholic, nevertheless I prayed that if the Catholic was the true Church of Christ, I might receive strength to embrace it, while at the same time I asked to be delivered from error.

I must here confess my surprise at the ready and able answers of Donald to all of my objections and difficulties. I spent the day priming my guns of destruction, only to be overcome at every assault by the rapid-fire answers of my opponent, who gave no thought to any preparations for defense.

I started out with a belief in the Divinity of Christ, the Bible as the Word of God, and "the corruption of the Catholic Church from the early purity of faith." One night Donald asked me what I, as a Presbyterian, believed; for a moment I was nonplussed, but finally rattled off the Apostles' Creed. When, however, he inquired what I meant by "the Holy Catholic Church," I confessed I did not know! I had been accustomed to recite the Creed but I knew only one Catholic Church and had a vague notion that we Presbyterians believed in it because it was the fore-runner and remote foundation of our own church! Nor could I explain the meaning of the Communion of Saints. Such was my ignorance of my own faith, despite the fact that I had been more faithful than the average at Sunday School and Church.

"Who founded your church?" asked Donald.

"I believe John Knox."

"Who was he?" he continued.

"Why a man of the Reformation days," I replied.

"Ah ha," he musingly returned, "a *man* like you and me, eh?"

"Why of course," I rather impatiently

answered, wondering what he was driving at.

"Well, Jesus Christ founded our Church—not a mere man—but the Son of God."

Oh the quiet dignity and assurance of that statement! Breakers ahead! A faint glimmer of light began to dawn upon me. There was no use to quibble and rationalize, for even my knowledge of history assured me that the Catholic Church had been founded by Jesus Christ; that it was a Church of Divine institution, if, according to the Bible, I believed in Christ's Divinity. My common sense and knowledge of the origin and foundation of the various Protestant sects, established as they were upon the private views and interpretations of their founders, assured me of the fact that these new creeds and rules of faith were man-made, not Divine. But this thought had never before dawned upon me!

Again I repeat there was no use to quibble or draw nice distinctions; sophistries and temporizings were not the weapons for me. I was not seeking to evade but to possess the truth. The multiplicity of Protestant sects with their contradictory and often diametrically opposed doctrines, each claiming to be the *one, true* Church of Christ, had never appeared to me in the light of an absurdity or in other words as being contrary to truth.

BEFORE sketching the principal reasons that induced me to embrace the Catholic Faith, let me give another example of my friend's skill in answering my objections.

"How about the scandalous lives of some of the priests and the terrible things that have happened in the Church?"

"We do not admit," replied Donald, "the truth of a tithe of the calumnies that have been repeatedly brought forward against the Church. You must remember that there was a traitor among the first Twelve Apostles,—a Judas; so with the children of the Church, there have been traitors to her teachings, to their trusts, and there will be to the end of all time. 'For it must needs be that scandals come . . . but for him through whom scandals come it were better that a millstone had been hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea.' You do not condemn the laws of a nation because there have been traitors to that law. Remember, also, that the Church deals with human beings, subject to human weaknesses and frailties."

After seven months of anxious inquiry, study and prayer the following arguments indicate the path that led me into the True Fold.



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**I** TRUST that if they come under the notice of any non-Catholics they will understand that they are not written in a controversial spirit but sent simply to show how reasonable is the position of the Catholic Church.

(1). God, Who is One and the Infinite Truth and Justice, since He cannot be known immediately must have revealed Himself to man, and because of His oneness and truth could set up but *one* standard of truth for *all* men for *all* times. St. Paul says: "To keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; one body, one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father for *all*." My old idea of one Christian Church being "as good as another" was false, for if God established a Church—a faith—I must believe it because it comes from God. If one is the true faith of God, all others not agreeing with that faith are false. Truth is one and immutable like God, its source. If two and two equal four, all the juggling of these two numbers can never make them equal five. God cannot look with equal favor upon the true and the false. Or, if I may be pardoned for imagining our Lord using fictitious words, I might illustrate this truth as follows: Suppose our Lord handed a key to His Apostles, saying to them: "This is the Key which will admit my *true followers* into the kingdom of heaven. Let all who wish to enter therein have a duplicate, being careful that it conforms *perfectly* to this original, for if it does not conform to the original it will not open the gates of heaven." Of course by this "Key" I mean to symbolize the true faith of Christ, or the Divinely instituted means of salvation, i. e., His true Church. Now the true followers of Christ must possess a duplicate of the original or true key as presented to the Apostles by Christ. . . . But here comes Mr. A, Mr. B and Mr. C (representing three different Protestant denominations) each holding a key in his hand. They say: "Here are our *keys*, all intended to admit us into the kingdom of heaven. It is true that each of our keys differ from the others, but they are all made to turn the same bolt in the same lock; we all adore the same God and we don't believe that because our keys are not exactly alike, the one to the other, that it makes much difference." Now is this common sense? If I have a key, similar in some respects, but decidedly not similar in others, to the original, can I expect that it is going to fit the lock and turn the bolt? Hence because they do not conform to what Christ instituted in His true Church, the absurdity of saying that one

religion or Christian denomination is as good as another.

(2). Protestant and infidel historians agree as to the identity of the Catholic Church and the early Church of Christ and its continuity as an *organization*. The sixteenth century Reformers say, however, that the "Church became corrupted, wandered away from the original purity of faith." But if it was identical with the early Christian Church, it is *still* the true Church of Christ, because Christ founded but one Church, one Faith, and it was He, the Son of God, Who said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock [Cephas-Peter-Rock] I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Behold I am with you *all* days even to the consummation of the world. I will ask the Father and He shall give you another paraclete, (the Spirit of truth) that He may abide with you *forever*." To contend that the Catholic Church "has wandered away from the purity of faith," is to give the lie direct to the promises of Christ. If once the true Church, then always the true Church, because the words of Christ *cannot fail*. I preferred to believe the word of Christ, rather than the word of men.

(3). God, the Creator of the human race, sent His only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, into the world to redeem man from sin, to fulfill—not to destroy—the Old Law and to establish the New Law, the Church of Christ, the Ark of Salvation, by means of which all men might be saved. To impress upon the mind of man the worth of his immortal soul and the heinousness of sin, Christ endured all the torments, humiliations and opprobrium of His bitter Passion and Death. Is it conceivable then, that God, the Eternal Wisdom, should have failed to provide a safe and easily recognizable means of salvation for the souls of men, purchased at the enormous price of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ? Is it conceivable that the Eternal Wisdom has not provided a fixed and determined rule of faith and action, by means of which every man may, without the least fear of error, be guided unto eternal life? Has God Who is perfect in all His other works failed in this and has He left men to wander about in a state of uncertainty, doubt and error as to what they must believe and do to be saved?

**M**y Protestant brethren tell me that Christ has left us this safe rule of faith in the Bible, Herein, they say, is all that is necessary for salvation. "Search the Scriptures. They will tell you what to believe and what to do." I reply,

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"How can the dead letter of a book, however sacred, guide me aright so that I cannot err?" They answer me that to the devout reader the Holy Ghost will make all things clear. But alas! I reflect that thousands of devout readers have used the Sacred Book, trusting in the guidance of the Holy Ghost—and with what result? For almost every reader, guided solely by this principle of private interpretation, the Sacred Scriptures have been the source of conflicting and contradictory rules of faith, the source of dissensions and disunion in belief. Is Christ divided? Is the Holy Ghost the inspirer of discord and anarchy? I review the history of the Protestant sects, founded one and all on this principle of private interpretation of the Bible as the sole rule of the faith, and find? Chaos! One denies the Divinity of Christ, another the Trinity, some deny the existence of hell, others stoutly maintain that the Bible clearly teaches it, and so on *ad nauseam*. My reason tells me that such contradictory doctrines cannot be equally true. The founder or originator of every new Christian sect has pointed with lofty and unblushing assurance to the Bible as the foundation of his new creed. This fact was long since recognized by Shakespeare even during the heyday of the reforming age when he penned the following lines: "In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text, hiding the grossness with fair ornament." But if Holy Scriptures are the inexhaustible font of so many diverse and contradictory systems of belief either *they alone* are not the true rule left us by Christ, or an unquestionable interpreter, one bearing the guarantees of Divine authority, who is able to teach me with infallible certainty, is necessary. Is there no voice vibrating with divine authority that has come down the centuries and can say to me: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further?" No voice that can reply without hesitation or stammering to my questioning soul: "Yea" or "Nay?" A just God could certainly never have said "He who believes and is baptized shall be saved and he who believes not shall be condemned," unless He had left upon earth a Church or representative who can tell me exactly *what* I must believe in order to be saved. Somewhere there must be a pastor who by the might of divine authority can *compel* me to come into the true fold of Christ.

**L**ISTEN for this voice among the Babel of tongues of the conflicting sects but not one

of them dares come forth and say: "I alone am the true Shepherd of souls; here are my Divine credentials. I am the King's Ambassador and 'thus and so' saith the Lord." Not one? Thank God, I was mistaken; there *is* one and one *only* that dares to raise its voice above the strident voices of a contending world, and speaking "as one having power and not as the Scribes and Pharisees," and that is the voice of the Roman Catholic Church, the Church which alone has ever dared to claim such authority. I examine here credentials: Unity, Holiness, Universality and Apostolicity. They bear the unmistakable impress of their Divine origin. She alone fulfills *all the essential conditions* as laid down by her Divine Founder, and delineated in Sacred Scripture.

**T**HE sun of truth had dispelled the fogs of ignorance and prejudice that had bedimmed my sight. "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Yes, I see the city seated on a mountain—the House of God and Gate of Heaven.

The rest was comparatively easy. When once I had found and recognized the Divinely constituted authority to teach me what I *must* believe and do in order to be saved, I could only accept this authority and confide myself unhesitatingly to its guidance or else sin against the light that had been vouchsafed me. To reject it would have been to imitate the owl who flees from the light because he prefers darkness. How could I hope to escape that "outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" if then I wilfully turned my eyes away from the vision of truth?

There were still difficulties concerning doctrines but these were cleared away when I understood them as taught by the Church. Strong reasons, supported by Divine authority, left no room for doubt. It was an additional pleasure to find, for the most part, that the Church's interpretation of Holy Scripture is more literal than the Protestant. There is no straining to fit a round peg into the square hole of some private, pre-conceived notion of doctrine, no whittling away of truth to suit one's whims or fancy.

I was received at the Paulist Fathers' church, Fifty-ninth St., New York City, during the summer of 1909, by the Rev. Mark W. Lappen. Nearly eighteen years within the True Fold have meant so many years of increasing gratitude, peace, contentment and happiness. With Fenelon I may say: "O holy Church of Rome, if I forget Thee, may I forget my very self!"

# Archconfraternity Comment

*(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for April, 1927)*

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for this month is again "Our Missionaries in China." Reports from China show that our priests and nuns are still in very great danger, and we must continue to help them by our prayers.

## TO OUR PROMOTERS

One of our promoters writes, "Aready blessings have come from the taking up of this work. I enjoy it and it has made me much happier." Several others have made similar comments, and I feel sure that all promoters will find blessings and happiness in their zeal to promote devotion to the sufferings of our Divine Savior. I wish to thank our promoters publicly and to remind them that as this devotion is most pleasing to Our Lord's Sacred Heart, He must remember every last effort they make to lead others to think of Him in His Passion.

It seems to me that our Blessed Lord can never forget those who think of Him in His sufferings and who try to get others to do the same, and that, therefore, He will never forget the promoters of the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

We should be encouraged, also, to remember that in spreading the thought of Our Lord in His sufferings, we are promoting a devotion that makes Christianity what it is. Without His Sacred Passion, Christianity means nothing; it is an empty shell; because the love of God can be generated in us only by knowing what God Himself suffered for us in His Passion.

Our Lord Himself said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." He knew that men would be forced, so to speak, to love Him in seeing how He had loved them on the Cross of Calvary. The Passion was the thought

to which He turned all during His life, and it was not until He had completed that Passion that He bowed His head and said, "It is consummated." His work was finished.

From that moment the thought of the Passion became the central thought of Christianity. The crucifix became its symbol. And from the crucifix the old pagans and barbarians learned how to become Christian. They learned how to love God and how to serve Him. There was no need, at that time, for a Religious Order dedicated particularly to the thought of Our Lord's sufferings. There was no need for an Archconfraternity of the Passion. All Christians were dedicated to that thought of the sufferings of their Savior.

But with the break from the Church in the sixteenth century came the revolt against the crucifix. Men had grown tired of having that bloody Figure held up before them, preaching only lessons of self-denial and suffering. They had grown tired of the virtues of Christianity. They wanted freedom to return to the license of paganism and barbarism.

Thus the crucifix was more and more banished, even from the churches that professed to follow the Crucified, until today, outside the Catholic Church, we have a Christianity without Jesus Crucified. Hold up before the world a crucifix, and you will be told that it is a morbid thing. Speak to them of Our Lord on the Cross and of following Him and you will be accused of trying to take the joy out of life.

So we see that there is need of a religious congregation like the Passionists and of a religious confraternity like the Archconfraternity of the Passion. As promoters of the Archconfraternity, in leading others to think of Christ in

Would you care to bring one soul into the Church? We shall try to show you how you may do it. What is required is that you know something of your Faith and somewhat of how to attract others to it. This month we are telling you what you must know about your Faith. In following articles we shall see how we may attract others back to the Faith of Their Fathers. We shall be glad to print any comments or answer any questions in connection with this subject. Address The Rev. Moderator, C.P., c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

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His Passion, you will be doing much to win the love of our Blessed Lord for yourself.

As Our Savior looked from the Cross down through the centuries and saw how men would forget His sufferings, the vinegar lifted to His lips was but a slight picture of the bitterness in His Heart. But when He saw men and women like yourselves trying to get others to think about His Passion, the bitterness surely must have been sweetened for Him.

### LAY APOSTOLATE

Last month we said that our slogan for lay apostolate work would be, "Zeal according to knowledge." Not only must we have zeal to bring souls to our Blessed Lord, but we must know how to do it. This means that we must know something of our Faith and the manner of attracting others to it.

Now, we need not know very much about our Faith to become successful lay apostles. If we can bring out to others the simple reasonableness of our Faith and its divine beauty, how it brings peace to the mind and happiness to the heart, we shall have a foundation for the work of bringing souls into the Church. Easy explanations of the reasonableness and beauty of our Faith, which should be learned thoroughly so that we can bring them home to others, are given here.

Catholic Faith means believing that God speaks to us through the Catholic Church. Is this reasonable? Let us see.

It is REASONABLE TO BELIEVE THAT JESUS CHRIST WAS GOD, as He claimed to be. For 4,000 years before He came into the world, everything concerning Him was foretold. Christ came and fulfilled all these prophecies that could have been made only by God Himself; and His life, teachings and effects upon the world since His coming make it unreasonable to believe that He could have been a deceiver. If Christ was an imposter, all the history of the world since the beginning has been a huge, tragic joke, with God as the joker and man as His dupe. But if we believe that Christ was what He claimed to be, the events of history fit themselves into place like the pieces of a picture puzzle.

It is REASONABLE TO BELIEVE THAT CHRIST ESTABLISHED A CHURCH on His apostles with St. Peter as their head, and that He promised to teach through them and their lawful successors to the end of time. "As the Father hath sent Me," He said, "I will send you . . . Going therefore teach ye all nations . . . Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of

the world. . . He that hears you hears Me and he that despises you despises Him that sent Me."

It is REASONABLE TO BELIEVE THAT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The only body of men in the world who come down in lawful succession from the apostles, who teach the same things they taught, are the Pope and bishops and priests of the Catholic Church. Therefore, when we hear them speaking to us, not as individuals, not about politics or worldly affairs, but as representatives of Jesus Christ on the things of God, we believe on our Lord's own word that we hear Him speaking to us.

Therefore, it is REASONABLE TO BELIEVE THAT GOD SPEAKS TO US THROUGH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The great beauty of our Faith that we ought to try to bring home to those outside is that JESUS CHRIST LIVES WITH US AS REALLY AS HE DID IN GALILEE OF OLD. Non-Catholics lose sight of this sublime truth. They look upon the Church as a human organization made up of Pope and bishops and priests. They do not see our Blessed Lord Himself, living among us as He promised to do, under the form of a little piece of bread, repeating His life among us, forgiving our sins, as He forgave the sins of the people of old, taking us into His arms in Holy Communion as He embraced the little children of Galilee, visiting our homes on His sick calls as He went to the homes of His friends in Palestine. This is the simple beauty of our Faith that we should try to bring home to those outside. If Jesus Christ lives with us as He has done all through the centuries, why stay away from Him?

Here we have the two arguments which must be known as a foundation for the work of the lay apostolate. These show that our Faith gives us peace of mind in knowing just what God wants us to do for Him, and happiness of heart in having God Himself living with us and our children. A noted non-Catholic author recently voiced the cry of those outside the Church in these words: "We want light! We want God! But there's no light. There's no God to be lifted up to." No! Outside the Catholic Church is division and discord. Outside there is no Jesus living among His people in the Sacrament of His love. But we have the light of Faith. We have God Himself living with us as He has lived with our fathers through the centuries. And we simply want those outside to come back to the Faith of their Fathers and the God of their Fathers.



## Moling: *Satan Pays Tribute to a Saint*

**M**OLING was the name that was on the Saint, and it is in Erin of the Scholars he was at that time, as is set down in the fine, pleasant sounding Gaelic of the "Gaidelica," and translated and written out in the Beurla (English) by Whitley Stokes. And this is the story.

Once as Moling was praying in the church he saw a man coming in to him. Purple raiment he wore and a distinguished form had he.

"Well met, cleric!" says he.

"Amen" says Saint Moling.

"Why dost thou not salute me?" says the man.

"Who art thou?" says the Saint.

"I am Christ, the Son of God," he answers.

"I do not know that," says Moling. "When Christ used to come to converse with God's servants, 'twas not in purple or with royal pomp, He would come, but in the shape of a leper."

"Then dost thou not believe in me?" says the man. "Whom dost thou suppose to be here?"

"I suppose," says Moling, "that it is the Devil, for my hurt."

"Thy unbelief will be ill for thee," says the man.

"Well," says Moling, raising the Gospel, "here is thy successor the Gospel of Christ."

"Raise it not, cleric," says the Devil. "It is as thou thinkest, I am the man of tribulations."

"Wherefore has thou come?" says Moling.

"That thou mayest bestow a blessing on me."

"I will not bestow it," says Moling, "for thou dost not deserve it. Besides, what good could it do thee?"

"If," says the Devil, "thou shouldst go into a tub of honey and bathe therein with thy raiment on, its odor would remain upon thee unless the raiment were washed."

"How would that affect thee?" asks Moling.

"Because, though thy blessing do nought else to me, its good luck and its virtue and its blossom will be on me externally."

"Thou shalt not have it," says Moling, "for thou deservest it not."

"Well," said the Devil, "then bestow the full of a curse on me."

"What good were that to thee?" asks Moling.

"The venom and hurt of the curse will be on the lips from which it will come."

BY CATHAL O'BYRNE

"Go," says the Saint. "Thou hast no right to a blessing."

"Better were it for me that I had. How shall I learn it?" asks the Devil.

"By service to God," says Moling.

"Woe is me," says the Devil, "I cannot bring it."

"Even a trifle of study," says Moling.

"Thine own study is not greater and yet it helps me not."

"Fasting, then," says Moling.

"I have been fasting since the beginning of the world, and not the better thereof am I."

"Making genuflexions," says Moling.

"I cannot bend forward," says the Devil, "for backwards are my knees."

"Go forth," says Moling, "I cannot teach thee nor help thee."

Then the Devil said this poem in the praise of Moling:

He is pure gold, he is the sky around the sun,  
He is a vessel of silver with wine,  
He is an angel, he is holy wisdom,  
Whoso doth the will of the King.

He is a bird round which a trap closes,  
He is a leaky ship in perilous dangers,  
He is an empty vessel, a withered tree,  
Who doth not the will of the King above.

He is a fragrant branch with its blossom,  
He is a vessel full of honey.  
He is a precious stone with its virtue,  
Whoso doth the will of God's Son from Heaven.

He is a victorious racehorse over a smooth plain,  
The man that striveth after the Kingdom of Great God;

He is a chariot that is seen  
Under a triumphant king.

He is an altar on which wine is dealt,  
Round which a multitude of melodies is sung,  
He is a cleansed chalice with liquor,  
He is fair white bronze, he is gold.

**A**ND that is the story of how Satan gave praise to Saint Moling as it is set down in the old chronicles, that were written in the olden times both for the glory of God and the honor of Eirinn.

# A Son of the East

## *The Americanization of a Chinese Boy*

WHEN Father Dolan was forced to go through

BY EDWARD F. CROWLEY

Sunday Mass at the mission at Shongtong without Chang, his altar boy, the missionary felt that something had gone amiss with the youth. After services, he recalled that the boy had of late been quite friendly with the skipper of the Nancy Lee, that lay down the Yang Tse River, so he hurried down to the waterfront. But, even as he stood inquiring and an eastern sun cast a golden halo around his snow-white head, the ship slipped silently from the Shongtong harbor with Chang smuggled aboard and bound for New York.

A month later, New York's Chinatown was gay despite a long tong war. Mott Street presented an appearance of festivity. Varied colored lanterns, swinging overhead, cast their glow on the crowded street below. Americanized Orientals, wearing the most modern modes, darted to and fro. Only here and there a long-coated celestial, with his que concealed under a large hat, reminded of cherished traditions of the old world. Alert and peering into the faces of passers-by were more than the usual number of watchers of the law.

Not the least observing was Bill Casey, his florid neck bulging in a collar much too small for him, and his eyes scanned the crowds for the sight of a recently released stool pigeon. He was not disappointed. A pinched-face callow youth, with eyes that fairly popped out of their sockets, slipped up silently, and his hurried whispers sent Bill Casey into an ecstasy of delight and thankfulness.

With rapid strides he left his informer and rounding a corner came to a side street. Here, where none of the lanterns cast their glow and only the blackness of night hid the filth of an alley that led to a two-story wooden structure, oriental music flitted out and caused passing celestial faces to beam and hum a low monotone. Concealing himself in the darkness of a doorway, his eyes surveyed the house of joy. But, soon his low grunt of dissatisfaction proved that all he could see was drawn shutters, from which but little light filtered out, and he settled himself in the doorway to wait, that inevitable wait that hampers all watchers of the law, for further developments.

Now and then a pair of eyes, held closely to the shutters peered out between the small opening and slunk back into the room, which Bill Casey was anxious to see—a room that was spacious and that was over-hung with rich tapestries and draperies from the Orient, and which showed all its splendor in the lights that were strung from the ceiling. With oriental strategy, a dozen or more celestials endeavored to create an atmosphere of festivity to deceive the watching detective. They chanted loudly and urged two others with small drums to beat them still louder.

Far off to the side of the room and huddled in a corner was Chang. To him, there was but one meaning of the house being watched, and that was that the watcher had come for him, to take him back to China. All his dreams of starting in this new country were to be shattered.

"O, Most Holy One," he moaned, "little did I know that I was committing sin when I allowed the good captain to take me to this beautiful land. Forgive me, O Father of My Soul."

BUT, as sad and troubled as was Chang, it was not so with his benefactor, Li Juong. The wizen-faced celestial watched the festivities with glee. He was unusually happy. But then concealing persons was almost a business with the crafty Li Juong. It was said of him at police headquarters that he was the greatest trouble maker Chinatown had had in a decade.

Chang knew but little concerning him. When he first landed, after being smuggled into New York, he accepted Li Juong's offer to conceal him as a heaven-sent benefaction. But, Li Juong's sinister mind had other motives as he made his way toward a huge statue of Buddha to pray for the success of his plans. His rivals, the On Wongs, would be lost when he played his trump card tonight. Theirs would be a band without a leader. A shot, a sharp grunt and Mong Toy, their leader, would be no more. Li Juong's followers were all known to the On Wongs, but Li Juong had planned well—they did not know the boy he was concealing. He would give this youth a chance to kill Mong Toy or turn him over to the immigration officials for deportation.

Enveloping himself in a rich silk robe that

## THE † SIGN

hung loosely from his frame, he hastened to the side of the huddled Chang. He could not understand this boy who fondled black beads and silver medals that were new to Li Juong.

"To you, Son of the East," he began, "comes a signal honor. The gods have decreed that you are to smite the hand of our bitterest enemy."

Chang looked up into the face of the speaker.

"Does my benefactor will me to slay?"

"No," hastened Li Juong. "It is not I that will that you slay. The gods have written that Mong Toy must die."

Chang held his beads still closer. One medal of the Sacred Heart he held aloft. "Our God has written nothing but His Holy Word. See how tenderly He looks at us," he said reverently.

Li Juong ignored the upturned medal.

"You will obey," he shrieked. "No one dares defy Li Juong. Not even you." And turning from the terror-stricken Chang he left the room.

THE happenings of the next moments found the youth in a daze. Before he could recover himself sufficiently to know what was going on about him, a revolver was put in his pocket, while two of Li Juong's lieutenants took him none too gently down the stairs to a cellar that made Chang shudder at its coldness. And as he wondered at the strange actions of his guides, a new wonder unfolded itself. The cellar had a trap-door that led to the street. Once he was led into the open air, the youth drew a sigh of relief. He found himself in the rear of the building that Bill Casey was watching and felt himself safe from the eyes of the law's watcher. But he only had a few seconds to give to thought, for his guides hastily led him through winding alleys and mysterious passages that would bring them to the Nankin Garden, the haunt of Mong Toy.

Meanwhile, Bill Casey had waited. Five cigar stubs at his feet told of the length of time he had been there. He would have still watched the house of joy had he not received a signal from the callow-faced youth that sent him there.

"That music is just a cloak," he muttered. "To the Nankin Garden, and go quickly. They will be there."

Bill Casey waited to hear no more.

Far from any air of mystery was the Nankin Garden. Gay music filled the air as thrill seeking tourists held the center of the floor in dance. To one corner, and yet unsecluded, a table for two that had but one diner. Mong Toy, his wrinkled visage, bespeaking a life of craft and sinister purposes, ate with a relish. He had no fears. His lieutenants were countless.

Only as he reached his last course was his meal disturbed. A waiter signalled him of an approach, and looking in the direction of the entrance, he saw Bill Casey's huge figure loom in.

"Well, Mong, how's tricks," addressed Bill Casey as he seated himself beside the Chinese.

Mong Toy ignored him, but continued his meal.

"Now look it here," commanded Bill Casey.

"Something is up and you know what it is."

Mong Toy stopped eating and shook his head.

The detective was even more puzzled that he showed no signs of a knowledge of coming trouble. So, Bill Casey left the amazed Mong Toy and ambled over to a table where he could view the dancing throng.

OUTSIDE, Chang was still in the hands of his guides. They led him to the seclusion of a darkened alley. Soon Li Juong appeared.

"He who has often thwarted our plans is inside," he whispered angrily to his lieutenants, and tiptoeing to a position that gave him a view of the interior of the Nankin Garden, he saw Bill Casey.

Chang stood alone and waited for their return.

"O Most Holy One," he beseeched. "Protect me from the wrath of this evil man. Must I stain my hands in order to stay in this country?"

He kissed the image of the Savior.

"O Lord and Master," he continued with his eyes raised to Heaven, "I pray you to give me strength to keep from this man's evil intentions."

The approach of Li Juong and his lieutenants halted his prayers.

"O Son of the East," hastened Li Juong grasping Chang roughly by the arm. "Thou wilt approach Mong Toy at once and fire the fatal shot."

Chang shuddered, but he at length found words to speak.

"Will thou not hear my plea to save this man,"

"The time has come to act," Li Juong shrieked through his clenched teeth, and passed Chang rudely to a waiting lieutenant, who ushered him to the front entrance of the Nankin Garden.

Li Juong had laid his plans well. Even the presence of Bill Casey had not altered them. He decided to send the boy boldly into the Nankin Garden to seek out Mong Toy and destroy him. Perhaps the boy would be killed by Mong Toy's lieutenants after he shot Mong Toy, but this did not deter him from his decision.

Once Li Juong's lieutenant had deposited Chang at the entrance to the Nankin Garden and gave him a hurried explanation of just what was expected of him, the lieutenant hurried back to his chief. Bewildered, Chang stood still.

Then thoughts came to him of the venerable

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priest who had been his friend. He recalled in a moving panorama his conversion and the stories Father Dolan told him of the martyrs who sacrificed their lives rather than commit sin. But each vision of the venerable priest's face chilled him. Scorn seemed to be written on it. Scorn for him that he did not have courage enough to sacrifice himself like the martyrs in the Bible. At length, his blood became warm. He convinced himself he did have the courage to sacrifice himself and he would enter and warn Mong Toy that his life was in danger.

But he waited too long. Li Juong's lieutenant came to his side.

"The master wills that you enter at once on your mission," he warned.

Chang did not reply.

"You must act quickly," hastened the lieutenant. "Shoot from the entrance. We are watching."

Chang was still silent. His blood was running up to fever heat. The Oriental's mind became suspicious.

"Where's your gun? Take it in your hand."

Chang raised himself to his full height. Heaven had heard his prayers. He would make Father Dolan proud of him.

"I will not go," he said with an air of finality.

The Oriental did not wait for words, a slow whistle came from his lips. It brought Li Juong hurriedly. But, before he could reach Chang's side, the youth decided he must act quickly to warn Mong Toy of danger. He raised his pistol aloft and fired. Li Juong grasped the gun from his hand, and raising his own it blazed but once and Chang sank to the ground holding his chest.

The noise of the shots halted the gaiety in the Nankin Garden. Dancers scurried to cover. Mong Toy disappeared under the table at which he had been dining. His cohorts found equally convenient hiding places. Even the brave are put to flight by unseen enemies. But, Bill Casey, revolver in hand, hurried to the entrance and blew his police whistle shrilly. He then went to the side of the fallen youth.

"What's this," he muttered.

"Here, you," he commanded a policeman who hurried to the scene. "Take care of him while I get the others." And the detective ran off in the direction taken by Li Juong and his lieutenants.

THIS was a memorable night indeed for Chinatown. It found a detective who had always caught his man with a larger catch than he had made in years. Bill Casey, thanks to the quick

response his whistle brought, had warned waiting policemen of trouble. Li Juong and his lieutenants had only ran a few hundred steps before the waiting arms of bluecoats encircled them. The sinister leader, his dreams of leadership gone, was soon wending his way to a nearby police station. While in the emergency room of a hospital, Chang, his face ghastly white, looked up in the faces of a small group of doctors and nurses who surrounded him.

An uncanny silence prevailed while a physician was examining him with a stethoscope. "Remove the boy's shirt," he said to a nurse.

From the folds of the shirt a small object fell to the floor. The hands of a nurse held it aloft.

"A Sacred Heart medal!" she exclaimed, surprised that a Chinese should be wearing it.

It was the medal given Chang by Father Dolan. He had always kept it pinned near his heart. A dent in the center of the medal held the attention of all in the room.

"Well, well," exclaimed the doctor finishing his examination of Chang and the medal. "God was good to this youngster. The bullet that was apparently meant for his heart was deflected by the medal. Except for a little shaking up, he is unharmed."

There in the hospital Chang rested for days until the trial of Li Juong came up, and then he appeared as the State's star witness. Li Juong this time had the evidence against him.

Bill Casey was a constant visitor while Chang was in the hospital recuperating. He brought others equally interested in the youth, a committee from the Catholic Big Brothers, of New York City, who pleaded his case before the immigration board. The State prosecutor interceded as well. The board was in a generous mood when it heard all their petitions. Chang was permitted to remain in America, the land he loved, on one condition, that he be self-supporting.

BILL CASEY was at the board's meeting and heard the commissioner of immigration announce the decision. His eyes danced with good natured humor.

"Mrs. Casey always did like oriental cooking," he said finally, lighting up a fresh cigar. "And I guess the boy'll make as good a cook as any."

Chang took up his new duties in the household of the man whom he thought back in Chinatown meant to deport him. While in Shongtow a delighted priest received a letter in Bill Casey's handwriting, but in Chang's own words, telling of his new freedom, happiness and contentment.



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## *Happenings within Fairy Hill*

BY GENEVIEVE K. GRIFFIN

**L**ANT MOORE was a very dejected man as he trudged along toward home. He had been visiting a sick relative in a neighboring town and had stayed later than he should have, so it was along about midnight when he took a short cut through a beautiful grove. Now this grove is considered to be one of the most beautiful groves in Ireland and on a moonlight night it is simply entrancing. Still Lant Moore was blind to its beauty. His mind was on his affliction, namely, the huge hump on his back. "Yerra," he grumbled, "It's the fine man I'd be if I were rid of this hump."

Just then he heard the distant sound of music and singing. He stopped and looked about him. "Perhaps 'tis angels singing," he said. Seeing nothing that could make music or song he went on, but with each step the music became more distinct. In fact as he neared a hill, known all over the country side as "Fairy Hill," he could even distinguish the words of a song. He realized then that it was fairy music. The fairies were singing of the days of the week, "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday," they sang, "Wednesday," shouted Lant and instantly the music and singing stopped and a little man, inclined to be stout and wearing a pointed cap, appeared on the side of the hill. Then a feminine voice was heard to ask, "Who is that without who has gladdened our tune?"

"A man with a hump," replied the little man.

"Bring him in," commanded the unseen speaker.

Whereupon Lant was escorted by the little man into the hill. Lant was a bit fearful about entering the hill and the little man noticing his alarm said, "Lant Moore you have found favor with our queen."

Once within the hill Lant gained enough courage to look about. Such a sight as he beheld. There were sure enough fairies, hundreds and hundreds of them. All were busy. Some were working at tiny anvils while others were weaving. Some were painting and some were cooking. Every fairy had a task to perform. It was evident that they were a very busy people.

"Hurry, I want to see him," commanded the unseen voice.

Whereupon Lant was escorted to another division of the hill. It was the throne room. A most gorgeous sight. The walls were made of a sparkling material, the like of which Lant had never seen before. Hung about artistically were draperies as fine as a spider web and as colorful as a rainbow. At the far end of this beautiful room was a throne and upon this throne sat the tiny queen of the fairies, smiling sweetly as Lant advanced.

Having never been in such select company, Lant was at a loss as to just how to act. However, he realized that he was in the presence of a queen, so, bowing as low as his hump would permit, he courteously saluted her.

"Poor man," sympathized the queen.

Lant was too perplexed to answer.

"Would you be much happier without that hump?" asked the queen.

"Faith and I would, Your Majesty, I'd be the happiest man in Ireland."

On hearing this the tiny queen arose from her throne and raising her tiny wand high above her head, sang out in a clear, sweet voice:

"Lant Moore, Lant Moore,  
Don't sigh or deplore  
For the hump that you bore  
On your back is no more.  
Look down on the floor  
And view it once more."

**I**MMEDIATELY Lant's joints creaked as he straightened up to his full height which was

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almost six feet. He looked around and sure enough there was a heap of something or other on the floor. He thanked the little queen most graciously and after making a bow left the throne room, escorted by the little man. As he passed through the workshop of the fairies all the little people stopped their work and clapped their tiny hands. That was their way of showing him their gladness that he was now without a hump.

WHEN Lant reached his home it was early morn. He met a few neighbors who happened to be about, and spoke to them but they didn't know him. They recognized his voice but the Lant Moore that they knew was a hump-back not a tall handsome fellow like the man who now called himself Lant Moore. However, after he told his story of how the fairy queen befriended him, the news spread like wild fire through the town.

Now at the other end of the town, lived another hump-backed man named Jack Hadden and he, hearing of Lant's good fortune, set out to visit him.

Lant Moore received him kindly and urged him to visit Fairy Hill.

"What is the best time to catch the fairies singing?" asked Jack.

"Midnight," replied Lant.

"And what do they sing?"

"They sing of the days of the week; for instance, if you hear them singing Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and then you say Wednesday, why, then you have pleased them; but should you say Thursday as following Tuesday, Ah! man, then you've displeased them and I'd hate to be in your boots. So take my advice and be sure to come in with the right day."

"Good enough," replied Jack, "I'll try me-luck tonight."

A few minutes before midnight Jack approached Fairy Hill. Sure enough he heard the faint music, just as Lant said he would and as he neared it he could distinguish the words of the song. The fairies were singing "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday" . . . "Friday," sang out Jack in his excitement. Immediately the music and singing stopped and a little man with a pointed cap appeared on the side of the hill, just as Lant said he would. A feminine voice called out, "Who is that without who has spoiled our tune?"

"A man with a hump," replied the little man.

"Bring him in," commanded the unseen voice crossly.

Jack was then escorted by the little man into the hill. Of course he realized that he had made a serious mistake by singing "Friday" instead of "Wednesday," but, poor man, he imagined that he could perhaps influence the queen.

Once within the hill he beheld quite a different sight from that which Lant Moore saw. Instead of working at their various tasks, the little people were greatly disturbed and rushed about in confusion. And when Jack beheld the queen of the fairies, she was anything but the charming, pleasant queen that Lant said she was. As Jack advanced she frowned horribly and waved her tiny wand to and fro instead of above her head as she did in Lant's case.

Poor Jack was wondering how he would apologize for his mistake when she arose from her throne and still swinging her wand sang in a cross voice:

"Jack Hadden, Jack Hadden  
Your tune came so bad in  
Our tune you did sadden  
This hill you are had in  
Which means that two humps  
Will be worn by Jack Hadden."

Whereupon, poor Jack heard the shuffling of tiny feet and when a weight was put on his back he knew that it was the extra hump. The poor man was so bent down by the two humps that he could scarcely hold his head up. On his way out of the hill he could see the little fairies shaking their tiny fists at him and heard them singing in a sad voice: "He spoiled our tune, He spoiled our tune, He spoiled our tune."

JACK HADDEN was a sorry sight as he started down the road toward home. He had not gone far when he met Lant Moore.

"Ah! you terrible man, to send me to those fairies," said Jack as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"You must have displeased them," said Lant, "What did you say?"

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Lant, I said Friday instead of Wednesday and the little rascals said I spoiled their tune."

"To be sure you did, Jack. I told you to be careful."

"I know ye did, but what am I to do now?"

"Suppose you go back again tonight," advised Lant.

"Back to those little rascals!" sneered Jack. "Sure, they might put another hump on me and then I'd be walking on all fours."

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"Not if you gladden their tune," said Lant. "You'd better try it again tonight—I'll go along with you and hide behind a tree when we near Fairy Hill."

"Well, I believe I will," resolved Jack.

Lant Moore kept poor Jack in his cabin all that day, so that the townspeople wouldn't see him. After fixing a nice breakfast of porridge, rashers and tea, he put Jack to bed. He was so exhausted that he slept all day.

THAT night Jack Hadden was in better spirits and along about midnight he and Lant Moore started out. As they neared Fairy Hill, Lant stepped behind a tree. The fairies were singing their usual song. "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday . . . "WEDNESDAY," shouted Jack.

"Good boy," whispered Lant from behind the tree.

Immediately the music and singing stopped and the same little man appeared on the side of the hill. A feminine voice was heard to ask, "Who is that without who has gladdened our tune?"

"A man with two humps," replied the little fellow.

"Bring him in," commanded the queen.

Whereupon the little man escorted Jack through the fairies' workshop (this time the lit-

tle people were all busy) and into the throne room. The tiny queen was smiling.

"I can't bow, Your Majesty," apologized Jack.

"Poor fellow," sympathized the queen.

"Yes, yes," sobbed Jack.

"Would it make you happy to lose your humps?" asked the queen.

"I'd be twice as happy as Lant Moore, Your Majesty, because I have *two* humps."

"Very well, you also shall be happy," said the queen.

She then arose from her throne and waving her wand high above her head sang in a clear, sweet voice:

"Jack Hadden, Jack Hadden  
Our tune you did gladden,  
This hill you are had in  
Which means that two humps  
Will fall off of Jack Hadden."

HERE was a creaking of joints as Jack stood up to his full height. He bowed low as he thanked Her Majesty for her kindness. The little man was about to escort him out when the queen called sweetly, "Just a minute, please! I want you to take this message out to the people in your world, Tell them that DISCORD can spoil great achievements just as it spoils our tune."

## The Abbey of the Glorious Wounds

BY L. JOAN CHUBB

On a lonely, sea-girt island,  
Near a barren, rocky shore,  
Stand the ruins of an Abbey;  
And above the oaken door  
Are the Wounds of Christ depicted,  
And the words "*Tantus Amor*."\*

Would you like to hear the story  
How the Abbey got its name?  
Why the Sacred Wounds are painted  
On the gates of world-wide fame?  
Blazoned there to keep in memory  
Joy which followed bitter shame.

Long ago, so runs the legend,  
There arose a hot dispute  
'Twixt two Brothers in the Abbey,  
And a bitter strife took root,  
Bearing as it grew and strengthened  
Terrible and hateful fruit.

\*Such love.

For the Brothers all endeavoured  
To decide which one was right.  
Some thought one thing, some another,  
And from morn till late at night  
Angry words and looks of hatred  
Fell where once had all been bright.

Then the Abbot called his Brothers  
To the Chapel, where he prayed  
That with due deliberation  
Some decision might be made,  
And from him who wronged his Brother  
Meet apology be paid.

But no calm consideration  
Could be made upon the case;  
For the feeling was so bitter  
That in spite of time and place  
Harsh and cruel words were uttered,  
Anger was on every face.

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Nay, not quite! a few among them  
Knelt and prayed that strife might cease,  
That in place of bitter discord  
There might grow a greater peace,  
Deeper, truer, and more lasting,  
Which would year by year increase.

Suddenly the Abbot pointed  
At the Figure on the Rood,  
And they saw, with awestruck anguish,  
From the Wounds great drops of Blood  
Trickling slowly, downward dripping,  
On the flagstones where they stood.

Silently they gazed upon Him  
Where He hung, their dying Lord,  
Each one seemed to hear repeated  
Every cruel and angry word,  
Which had torn their Saviour's Body  
Wounding more than spear or sword.

As they looked, deep shame and sorrow  
Made their anger die away.  
Eyes that flashed now dimmed with tears,  
Lips that taunted tried to pray,  
And before this wondrous Vision  
All the Brothers prostrate lay.

Then the two who made the quarrel  
Spoke with voices hushed and low:  
"God forgive us, in His mercy  
"For our words that hurt Him so.  
"For it was our sharp disputing  
"Caused the Blood afresh to flow."

Long they lingered in the Chapel  
Till the darkness round them fell.  
Then with firm determination  
All their angry thoughts to quell  
E'er again such strife was started  
Every Brother sought his cell.

Daily, acts of deep contrition  
Were by every Brother made;  
Daily, each one knelt in sorrow  
And for grace and pardon prayed,  
Vowing that by him from henceforth  
Words of love alone be said.

Years passed by, and of disputing  
There was left no single trace;  
Love united all the Brethren  
And they daily grew in grace,  
Learning to be kind and courteous,  
Each to other yielding place.

Late one Spring time came the Feast Day  
(Dear to all who love Him well)  
Of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
And the Abbot from his cell  
Hastened to the Chapel early  
That his love he might forthtell.

As he entered there a glory  
Not of earth was plainly seen,  
And he saw that it was shining  
From the Figure on the Screen  
All the Sacred Wounds were glowing  
With a soft and mystic sheen.

Then he saw a shining Angel  
Who in gentle accents said:—  
"By your years of loving-kindness  
"You have staunched the wounds that bled;  
"On the love that now unites you  
"Glory from the Cross is shed."

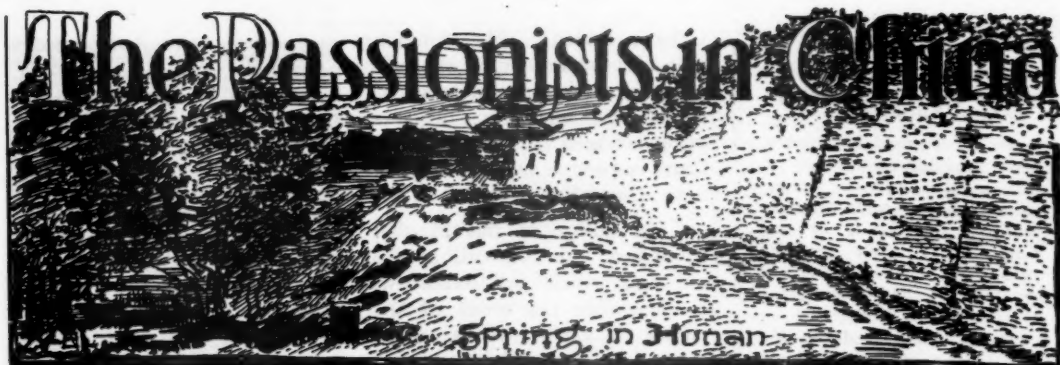
All the Brothers saw the Vision  
As they entered, one by one,  
And they blessed the Lord of Heaven  
For the mercy He had shown  
By this sign that they were pardoned  
For the evil they had done.

Then the Abbot bade a mason  
Carve the Sacred Wounds in stone  
Right above the oaken door-way  
So that not by monks alone,  
But by all who saw the sculpture  
The whole story might be known.

Long ago the monks departed;  
But these truths do still remain,  
Which should be by all remembered—  
Strife renews Christ's bitter pain,  
But the love that beareth all things  
Carries glory in its train.

Our Junior Readers must be aware of the difficulties of our Missionaries in China due to the civil war in that unhappy country. We most earnestly ask all our Juniors to pray and offer their Communion for the Missionaries that God will spare them and preserve them to work all the harder for the conversion of the Chinese.





## Shenchow: The March of Events

*Communications from Our Missionaries*

**J**ANUARY 14th, 1927. This Mission finds itself in a very critical situation at the present moment. On Sunday and Monday next there are to be monster demonstrations and parades to celebrate the establishment of the Canton Government in Wuchang. Every influence has been brought to bear and is being brought to bear upon the Catholic Church here in order to force us to participate in these demonstrations. The schools are the avenues of attack.

"The seriousness of the situation can be judged in the light of recent events down river, and of the anti-Christian agitation and manifestations which occurred here on Christmas and again on New Year's Day, when angry mobs attacked the Mission and placarded the walls with anti-foreign posters.

"The lamentable conditions so well described in Bishop Mondaini's letter which appeared in THE SIGN some months ago are by no means confined to his Prefecture. Such conditions prevail wherever the Kuomintang has obtained a footing. The same spirit is abroad in our

midst. We have been at great pains to explain to our Christians and to the local authorities the principles underlying the relations of the Church to Civil Governments and political parties.

To forestall the certain demands that the Catholic Schools participate in the parades, it was thought advisable to close indefinitely and at once both the boys' and girls' schools. All the students have dispersed to their homes. Only mission boys and girls remain.

"Stronger and stronger pressure has been brought hourly to bear upon us to permit the Christians to march 'as a body,' and authentic threats of physical violence have been made against the catechist and other Christian teachers in the school, if this demand be not complied with.

"Owing to known intermingling of religious and political elements of the Kuomintang program, at the outset of the agitation I hesitated as to whether or not the Christians could take part in these celebrations. Upon the assurance of the Magistrate and of the General that the demonstrations were of a purely civil nature, I consented, after prayerful and protracted consultation with the Fathers in the Mission, that the Christian walk individually in their capacity as

### *Pray for the Missionaries!*

**O** Almighty God, Lord of the harvest of souls, we pray Thee to guide and bless all those who have gone forth to preach the Gospel of salvation in distant lands.

Pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon them to strengthen their weakness, to comfort them in their trials, to direct them in all their efforts, and open the hearts of the heathen to receive Thy message delivered by them.

Give unto them the spirit of power, and love, and of sound mind, that in all their work they may set forth Thy glory and move forward the salvation of souls, that the heathen may become Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth Thy possessions, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### Father Jeremiah McNamara, C. P.

Father Jeremiah McNamara, C. P., writes two letters in his usual optimistic style. Although all reports seem to indicate that he is in real danger, it is quite probable that these dangers have, in great part, developed since the date of his letter.

January 12th: As to the "Reds"—we are not bothered much. But yesterday two officials tried to forbid us to teach doctrine in our own school here. After Father Theophane Maguire had spoken to them for a short time they seemed to be convinced and departed in cordial Chinese fashion. So far the incident passed without serious results.

January 16th: Today I received three packages of instrumental music which you sent me, I do not know how long ago. I am deeply grateful to my good friends for this music and when I get settled in my own Mission again I hope to make good use of it.

I am always happy over here. By God's grace I do not suffer from over-seriousness or lonesomeness. Father Theophane is here and sends his kindest regards to all.

Chinese citizens. This solution was later made void by the official and predetermined order of the processions — participants being obliged to walk under their respective banners and in their distinctive wheis.

"The failure of this Mission to answer the roll call at the meeting, called for tomorrow, to determine the order of the parade, would be, we have been assured, the signal for overt animosity against the Mission and would most probably mean an open attack. The demonstration against the school and the damage done to it during the parade on New Year's Day is sufficient evidence that these were not empty threats. The tenseness of the situation about us, the real danger to life and property for the Christians, together with the information just received from our former catechist concerning conditions now prevailing in the Lichow Vicariate, persuaded me of the necessity to further yield to save the Mission property, to avert physical harm to our Christians and to insure, if possible, the safety of the priests and nuns.

"Wherefore I have consented

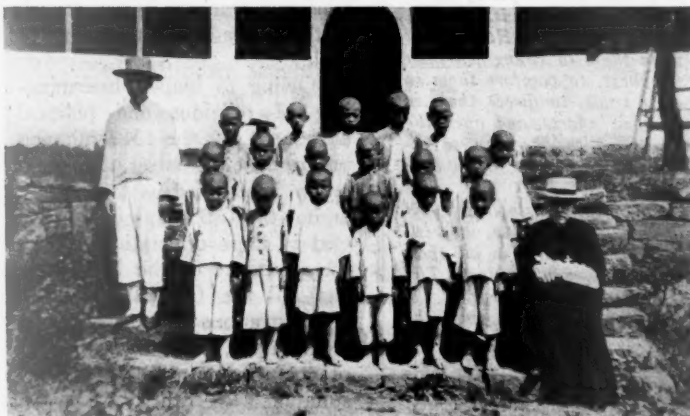


MARY, OSWALD AND ROSE, ORPHANED BY THE FAMINE AT PAOTSIING. NOW WITH FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C. P. NOTE THEIR AMERICAN CLOTHES.

that the Christians take part in the processions under the distinctive name of the school without the use of the term *Tien Chu Tang*. I have been forced to yield on the same point with regard to the women Christians, since the second day's celebration is for the women of the city and for the girls of the schools.

"As I write I prayerfully hope that this solution will satisfy the intolerant demands that are being made upon us. I do not see how we can further yield. The above arrangement will not avert all future trouble; it will but tide us over the immediate present. The Kuomintang's next demands will touch more directly on principle and then our backs will be to the wall.

"Today our former catechist wrote us a letter telling graphically, even though confusedly, of the deplorable conditions existent in the Augustinian terri-



ORPHANS TAKEN FROM THE STREETS DURING THE FAMINE IN SHENCHOW. TO THE LEFT IS THEIR TEACHER. FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P., IS SEATED TO THE RIGHT.

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A LESSON IN CHARITY WELL LEARNED. THESE TOTS ARE SHOWN SHARING THE BOWL OF RICE JUST RECEIVED AT SHENCHOW MISSION.

tory. The bishop, Sisters, and several priests have taken flight to Hankow. Other priests are in hiding. The Christians are dispersed to the mountains. The Lichow orphanage is abandoned. Church, institutions, etc., have been damaged, and in some cases wrecked. Indignities have been heaped upon the Mission catechists. He tells in the letter how his own wife is in hiding and he himself preparing for flight.

"We are anxiously watching the trend of events. There is no disguising the seriousness of the situation. We are taking immediate steps to conceal the sacred vessels and other valuables;

"In this hour of stress we pray and stand firm, confident that He to Whom the hairs of our head are numbered and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground, is watching over us and that His strong and gentle hand protects us. We have placed ourselves

and our flocks under the maternal care of her who is now, as ever, the Help of Christians and the Consoler of the Afflicted.

"Dear friends do pray for us. We have no other protection but God's merciful Providence.

"January 17, 1927. May God's gracious Providence be eternally blessed! Our Mission was unmolested by the paraders on Sunday. Saturday afternoon the streets were plastered with vehement anti-foreign and anti-Christian slogans. Agitators spoke openly in the streets extolling Russia and declaiming against Christianity. The eyes of the Christians were at last opened to the animus of the Kuomintang.

"At the mass meeting Sunday one orator advocated the destruction of the Catholic Mission (Tien Chu Tang); the General's representative forbade, under threat of punishment, any violence against foreigners during the parade.

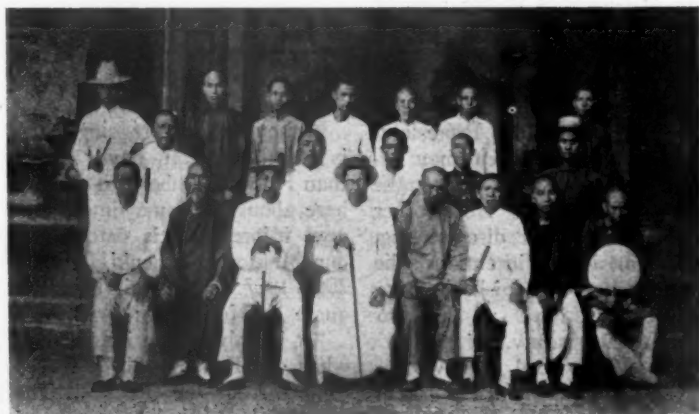
"However this did not prevent the cheer leaders during the parade from calling for cries of "down with the Church." The raucous shouts of the crowds as they passed the front of the Mis-

## Our Missions

Although we have received the sad news that our Missions in Shenchow and in Supu have been seized by the Nationalists we ask our good friends to remember that we have many other Missions which still need our unstinted support. The following is a partial list of the Missions in charge of the Passionist Missionaries in China:

Yungshunfu	Kienchow
Yuanchow	Mayang
Chenki	Pushih
Kieniang	Paotsing
Sin Si Pin	Wusu
Luki	Fengwang
Lungshan	Sun Tau
Sangchih	Wuki
Yungsui	Lani
Kuchang	Kaotsun
Wangtsun and Hankow.	

Now, as never before, do we need the undivided aid of all our good friends in order that nothing be left undone that could possibly afford relief to the good Priests and Sisters living in the midst of war-ridden China. We beg your prayers that God may spare their lives. We solicit your donations that we may supply ample funds for their every need.



FATHER WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P., WITH THE CHRISTIAN LAYMEN WHO WORKED SO FAITHFULLY DURING THE FAMINE. THESE GOOD MEN WORKED DAY AFTER DAY DISTRIBUTING RICE TO THE MULTITUDE.



## THE † SIGN

sion will not soon be forgotten.

"The work of propaganda is going steadily on and the situation is growing more serious daily. Do pray for us."—Father Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P.

The second communication comes to us from Father Celestine Roddan who is the Passionist Procurator stationed in the city of Hankow. The letter shows the date of Jan. 13, 1927. For obvious reasons we do not print the entire letter. In part it reads as follows:

"Up to the present, thank God, we in Hankow are safe; though we have been through a trying ordeal and conditions still remain terribly unsettled. Very few foreign women and children remain in this once flourishing part and the same may be said of all the cities in the interior. It would take too long to explain just what has happened here. Practically all the British male community are now quasi prisoners in the building of the Asiatic Petroleum Co. The women and children have gone to Shanghai.

"The French and Japanese Concessions are as yet untouched. However we are not worrying about Hankow. It is our Missionaries in the interior who take up all our thoughts. You must know by this time that the anti-Christian mobs are playing havoc with the Missions, both Catholic and Protestant. Perhaps our brethren may escape. God grant it! But at the same time reports from other quarters are most discouraging. The American Vincentians, the Franciscans, the Irish Fathers and Sisters have all fled to Hankow for safety.

"The last word I have received from Shenchow was dated on New Year's Day and stated that even then the mobs were beginning to placard the

Mission with anti-foreign and anti-Christian posters. Since then we have had no further news. I might add, in passing, that the Provincial of the Marist Brothers, who was recently here to take his community to Shanghai, says this is undoubtedly the most critical period in the modern history of China. This from a man who has spent thirty-five years in the country and who saw all the horrors of the Boxer

Fathers there have fled for their lives. The Sisters were forced to leave sometime ago. The orphans under their charge have been turned into the streets by the invaders.

"We are continually receiving most threatening letters. SHENCHOW MISSION HAS BEEN CLOSED. One place is worse than the other so there is really no place for us to run to. We intend to stay here to the last. In



THE PROCESSION OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION. THE FIRST FOUR BOYS ARE SEMINARIANS. THE SEMINARY CAN BE SEEN TO THE LEFT.

uprising! . . . . . We are living under a great strain. Please continue to pray for us.—Father Celestine Roddan, C. P.

Although the foregoing letter is dated several days earlier than Father Cuthbert's it reached here about the same time. Our next information is dated from our Mission in Chenki, January 20th, 1927. From this letter we quote the following:

"It is only a question of days when our Fathers will be forced to flee from the 'Reds.' The Augustinian Missions north of us are, for the most part, destroyed. The Bishop and the

some places a priest cannot leave the Mission without fear of mob violence. Pray for us."

\* \* \*

The latest despatch was in form of cable. This reached our offices on March 16th and bore a date some days earlier. It was sent by Father Arthur Benson from our Procurator in Hankow and reads:

ALL SAFE. TEN PRIESTS, FIVE SISTERS OF CHARITY ENROUTE TO HANKOW FROM SHENCHOW. MONSIGNOR DOMINIC AND SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH STILL AT YUANCHOW. FATHERS FLAVIAN AND GODFREY ARRIVED HERE.



## THE † SIGN

**R**NOWING that you are all anxious to learn of our trip from Shenchow to Yuanchow, I will try to tell you something about it. To begin with it was the hardest but most interesting part of our journey. We left our sampan on January 10th after having spent almost six weeks on that boat. We then went to Father Ernest Cunningham's Mission in Kaot-sing.

## Yuanchow

### *The Sisters Arrive*

BY SISTER FLORENCE.

he may confer confirmation.

Fathers Timothy and Clement likewise wished us to know that they had been given added enthusiasm in making this trip because they were anxious to show

of the day went first followed by twenty-five soldiers. Then came the baggage carriers numbering about forty. Monsignor Dominic and Father Timothy both mounted on mules filed in next. Then came the Sisters in chairs carried each by four coolies. After the chairs Fathers Quentin Olwell, Ernest Cunningham and Clement Seybold followed mule-back and served to keep the procession moving in good order. Then came twenty-five more soldiers and finally another officer.

The parade started on Tuesday, January 11th. After crossing streams, hills and valleys we put up for the night at a Chinese hotel distinctly *not* like the Fort Pitt in Pittsburgh. The best term I can find for comparison would be an old, badly kept barn with three sorts of rooms below and the bare earth furnishing the flooring. You could possibly allow three more parts to the hayloft. It was up in that hayloft that the priests immediately got busy trying to clean up the place for us. The best they could possibly do was brush the dirt, a quantity of nut shells (probably in the collecting stage since the time of Confucius) and what-not into the corners and sides of the loft leaving a space in the middle of the floor large enough to accommodate three army cots which the Fathers erected for us.

Then all of us had supper downstairs while curious Chinese stared in at us from every point of vantage. All were thoroughly tired and decided to retire early. But it was not to sleep for a Chinese had died that day in a hut close by. All night we lay awake as a result of a perpetual band concert consisting of what sounded like beating on a tin pan with a dipper, blowing of bugles, yelling



FATHER WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P., AND THE SISTERS OF CHARITY WITH THE FIRST COMMUNION CLASS. THE BIGGER BOYS AND ALL THE CHINESE ADULTS WERE BAPTIZED THE SAME DAY—FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Here we had another celebration of welcome with plenty of firecrackers. A large delegation greeted us as we left the boat. On the following Monday afternoon Fathers Timothy McDermott and Clement Seybold arrived at this Mission bringing with them an escort of fifty soldiers. These soldiers were to form our guard on our way to Yuanchow. The good Fathers had travelled overland for two full days in order to show this honor to Monsignor Dominic.

Our Monsignor is on his way around the Province visiting all the Passionist Missions so that

in this way their appreciation of the coming of the Sisters to his Mission. You know at Yuanchow, Father Timothy's Mission which we are to make our home, no Catholic Sister had ever been seen.

Now that we have travelled the way over which they came we realize how little they minded inconvenience and tiresome travel in order to meet us and conduct us safely to our destination.

That overland trip! No pen could adequately describe it. First of all try to get an idea of the line of march. The officer

## THE † SIGN

and crying. I think I should be closer to the truth were I to say there were a dozen tin pans in the band.

The next morning after our supposed rest we arose at five and the party started off for the day's journey at daybreak. Our path that day lay over very huge mountain peaks. In many places the path was a mere narrow strip along the mountain edge. Two of the priests and their mules rolled off the trail and over the cliff. Happily they escaped with only minor bruises and although stiff and sore they were as ready as ever to continue "The Trail of the

Lonesome Pine." Sometimes the ascent was so steep that it was impossible to carry the chairs. So we preferred to climb rather than run the risk of going over the embankment or perhaps have a mule slip back and roll us all over the brink. That second day we climbed hills until six o'clock in the evening. It was a day of thrills.

As we neared the summit of the mountain some bandits appeared. The soldiers had already worked their way to the front of the line and immediately fired on them. The bandits seeing that they were outnumbered by the soldiers

hastily retreated. That evening we had another scare. The soldiers threatened to turn bandits themselves unless a certain sum of money over and above that agreed upon be paid them at once. They made it plain to Father Timothy that they would not take us to Yuanchow on the following day. Father dispatched a carrier at midnight to run on to Yuanchow and have the General send with

### Father Raphael Vance, C.P.

*To the left is shown a picture of the beautiful new chapel and altar built by Father Raphael to replace the one destroyed by fire. We join him in thanking all those who so cheerfully sent us their offerings for this purpose. In sending the picture he writes:*

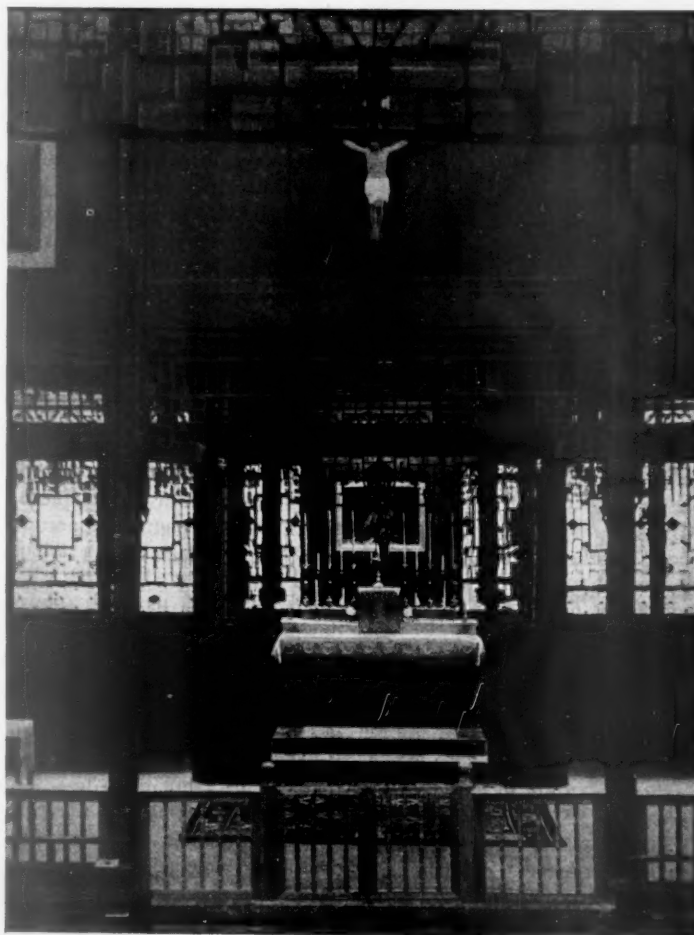
*"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the many kind friends who have helped me rebuild this Mission. I have tried to write each benefactor a little personal letter of thanks. Of course many of these answers have been long delayed owing to my enforced stay in Hankow. Thanks be to the Sacred Heart I am well again and once more in my own Mission.*

*My first duty upon my return was to answer my friends. There are still many on the waiting list. But might I take this means, through THE SIGN, to assure those who are on the waiting list, that I have received their kind offerings and will write just as soon as possible.*

*"I shall ever remember all my friends and benefactors in my Masses and prayers. May God bless them for their kindness to me in one of the darkest hours I have known since I arrived here in China.*

*"Father Raphael Vance, C. P.*

*"Paotsing,  
"January 7th, 1927."*



## THE † SIGN



FATHER ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P., WITH THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN WHO RISKED HIS LIFE IN ORDER TO SECURE SPEEDY RELEASE FOR FATHER ERNEST. PICTURE TAKEN A FEW MINUTES AFTER FATHER WAS TAKEN FROM CAPTIVITY.

Father Gregory McEttrick, C.P., thirty more soldiers with guns to escort us to Yuanchow on the following day. Then Father Timothy told the officer that word had been sent to his superior officer reporting the conduct of the soldiers and also that other soldiers would take their place in escorting us so that he and his soldiers were free to leave at once. The officer immediately denied all the threats made the night before and stated that he and his soldiers were only too willing to finish the journey. So on we went. When we were about five miles from Yuanchow we met the other soldiers coming out to meet us. Perhaps our officer and his soldiers were not frightened when they beheld this contingent coming up before them! They realized then that Father Timothy had actually sent word to their General.

Father permitted them to tremble with fear for a few hours, knowing that each one of them was counting his chances of saving his head. He finally assured them that he would speak to their General and would have a good word for them.

It is hard to describe the joy that filled our hearts when from a high hill we caught our first glimpse of Yuanchow, "The Little Bit of Heaven" about which we had been hearing so much. The desert had been crossed; we were at last in the Promised Land!

We were welcomed by a delegation amid a cannonade of fireworks. As in Shenchow we immediately entered the church where we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After services we met all the Christians of Yuanchow who had come from far and near to be present at the reception.

After dinner Father Timothy took us over to see what he called our temporary home and which he had carefully prepared for our coming. It is such a cozy and complete little convent that we are not at all interested in talking about a permanent convent to be. Since August 25th we had been wanderers and it certainly felt good to be in a place such as this which we could in all sincerity call "home." Downstairs we have a reception room furnished with four Chinese stands and eight carved wood chairs: a dining room with a large buffet and a nice table with mahogany finish: the kitchen with a really and truly sink and hot and cold water—something which is a real wonder for China. On the second floor there are three bedrooms each furnished with a comfortable Chinese bed, a bureau, a desk and a chair. We have our own little chapel in which there

is a beautiful oil painting of St. Joseph with the Divine Babe cuddling close to him. It is the picture we all love so much—St. Joseph very old with white curly hair. On the altar were four vases of roses and the cover spread awaiting the arrival of the King of Kings. On the same floor we have a large room for drying clothes and also a bath room. Every room in our convent bespeaks the thoughtfulness of our kind pastor. The floors and furniture are all stained mahogany.

Father has an orphan asylum for the girls and one for the boys; a girls' school and a boys' school; a preparatory school for a class of seven virgins who are anxiously awaiting to become Sisters of St. Joseph; a catechumenate for the men and another for the women. The buildings, it is true, are all like the priests' house, mere shacks, but they are all kept spotlessly clean. The Chinese of this Mission know the meaning of cleanliness.



A CULPRIT BEING LED THROUGH THE STREETS BY THE POLICE. THE BOARD TELLS THE CRIME HE HAD COMMITTED.

## THE † SIGN

When Father finally succeeds in erecting our permanent convent he intends to use our present residence as a boys' dormitory. Of course it might be a long time until he finds himself in a position to go ahead with this project. For the present we are perfectly content with the convent we have.

Now we are once again studying Chinese. You know we started our lessons in Hankow and continued them rather spasmodically during our journey. This week Father Quentin Olwell is our teacher as our two Chinese teachers are both on retreat preparing to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation next Thursday.

Monday is Father Timothy's feast-day so we are planning a little surprise for him. However, I shall try to tell you more about it in my next letter.

Thanks be to God we are all well and very happy. We hope and pray that God will fittingly reward all our kind benefactors who have assisted us.



SISTER FINAN TOOK GREAT PLEASURE IN GIVING RICE CAKES TO THE HUNGRY ONES UNDER HER CARE. NOTE CHINESE RICE CAKES.

### Gemma's League

We wish to thank the many readers who have generously

offered their names for enrollment in the Gemma League. We welcome these new members and plead with all the Members to obtain as many new Members as possible. Prayer alone is the salvation of the priests and Sisters in China. Pray during the coming month that God might speedily grant peace to China.

The following prayers and good works were offered for the Passionist Chinese Missionaries during the month of February:

#### SPIRITUAL TREASURY.

Masses said	38
Masses heard	62,100
Holy Communions	39,882
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	144,943
Spiritual Communions	386,247
Benediction Services	18,543
Sacrifices and Sufferings	453,064
Stations of the Cross	22,868
Visits to the Crucifix	166,678
Beads of the Five Wounds	16,367
Offerings of Precious Blood	1,550,344
Visits to Our Lady	57,569
Rosaries	69,772
Beads of the Seven Dolors	12,486
Ejaculatory Prayers	10,324,916
Hours of Study, Reading	121,111
Hours of Labor	119,856
Acts of Kindness, Charity	107,053
Acts of Zeal	96,769
Prayers, Devotions	801,997
Various Works	410,955
Hours of Silence	33,040
Holy Hours	249
Divine Office	15,936
Hymns	10,000
Hours of Adoration	19

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eccl 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. GERARD NUS-BAUMER, O.F.M.  
SISTER MARIE PATRICK  
SISTER MARTINA  
SISTER M. GERTRUDE  
MOTHER GERTRUDE  
JOHN AHEARN  
AGNES JUDGE  
MARY CUMMINGS  
MARY DONLON  
KATHERINE BATEMAN  
MARY WELCH  
LETA J. INGALLS  
JOHN HICKEY  
JACOB HANSEN  
JOHN O'GORMAN  
MARIE MURPHY  
MARY PHELAN  
MARY BRENNAN  
EMILIA PERPETUA  
MARY HARRINGTON  
ELLEN SCANLON  
PATRICK MOLLOY  
BARBARA KLINE

CHARLES S. McLOUGHLIN  
MARY FREY  
HARRY FOREMAN  
GRACE SCHENO  
MARIE E. MANON  
JOHN WAGNER  
MARY BURKE  
MARGARET BURNS  
CHARLES A. VALENTE  
JOSEPH REYNOLDS  
MARTHA RAZNER  
JANE GILSENAN  
MARY A. ROCHE  
NELLIE DALY  
MRS. GEORGE A. MacKINNON  
MRS. ANN LYONS  
SUSIE CAROLAN  
THOMAS CURLEY  
MRS. MARGARET RYAN  
HENRY SCHARF  
MRS. K. M. UNDERMARK  
ANASTASIA FLANAGAN  
NORA O'DONNELL  
THOMAS O'ROURKE  
EVELYN CAROLAN  
MRS. THERESA GSCHWIND  
MRS. BERNARD LYNCH  
MARY AGNES BOLAND  
MRS. ELLEN NOLAN  
AGNES R. SWANTON

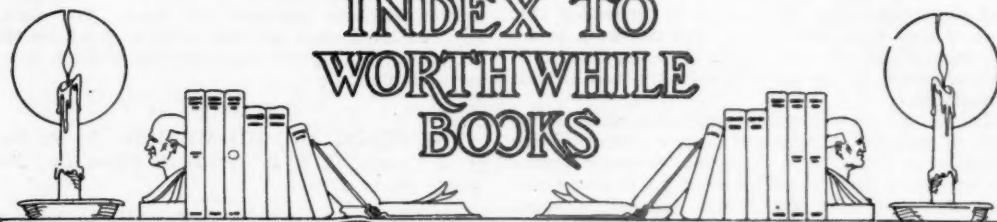
MRS. JOHN M. STOECKLE  
S. SINGER  
BRIDGET ALPHEN  
LUKE F. MARTIN  
MAURICE McCORMICK  
JOSEPH GERATY  
PATRICK EGAN  
MRS. ANNA McCAFFERY  
ELLEN MARNELL  
MARY E. DEVER  
DENNIS O'BRIEN  
MARIE SHALACK  
THOMAS CUE  
CHARLES J. LYNCH  
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DEALIA S. McADAMS  
SARAH O'DONNELL  
MR. LEONARD  
DANIEL STOKES  
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HENRY KING BEGLEG  
MARY SCHLOTMAN  
PETER R. SHERIDAN  
HARRY BISSELL  
MR. ELINA CONLON  
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MRS. MARGARET WOODS  
AGNES LEAON  
GERTRUDE KUMMET  
GEORGE BETZ  
MRS. MARY GREANEY  
MRS. A. J. BOYD  
GEORGE FLEMING  
MARY O'DONNELL  
MOST REV. J. F. REGIS CANEVIN  
MOST REV. ROBERT SETON  
SISTER AGNES CARMEL

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.





[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CONVERSION.** By G. K. Chesterton, with an Editor's note by Hilaire Belloc. Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.00.

Conversions to the Faith are very dear to Catholics, because it is such a pleasure to share with others the good things which God hands out so lavishly through the Catholic Church. To read stories of conversions by converts themselves is both a spiritual luxury and an intensely interesting instruction: a luxury, because it reveals how various and surprising are God's ways of leading honest souls to the truth; instruction, since it brings out in relief presentations of Catholicism which familiarity obscures for those who have been of the household of the faith from infancy.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CONVERSION** by the inimitable Chesterton is one of these stories. It tells of his playful nibblings at St. Peter's bait, until next to unconsciously he swallowed not only bits of the bait but the hook too. He began his nibblings with the sole purpose of being simply honestly fair to the Catholic Church, the under-dog of his environment. The grace of God completed what his manly fairness started. The story is told in truly Chestertonian fashion. The paradoxes cannot but be delightfully startling to the thoughtful Catholic, bringing out views so obvious that they should be on every one's tongue, when the occasion offers; but they are not. Insinuations that he would tire of his love affair with Catholicism are responsible for the following graphic lines: "Supposing that I were so miserable as to lose the Faith, could I go back to that cheap charity and crude optimism which says that every sin is a blunder, that evil cannot conquer or does not even exist? I could no more go back to those cushioned chapels than a man who has regained his sanity would willingly go back to a padded cell. I might cease to believe in a God of any kind; but I could not cease to think that a God who had made angels and men free was finer than one who coerced them into comfort. I might cease to believe in a future life of any kind; but I could not cease to think it was a finer doctrine that we choose and make our future life than that it is fitted out for us like an hotel and we are taken there in a celestial omnibus as compulsory as a Black Maria. I know that Catholicism is too large for me, and I have not yet explored its beautiful or terrible truths. But I know that Universalism is too small for me: and I could not creep back into that dull safety, who have looked on the dizzy vision of liberty." Page 108. What a realistic description of the mental attitude of the average Catholic!

The following excerpt gives advice to Catholics which comes like a shock and which cannot be taken too much to heart: "For the convert's sake, it should also be remembered that one foolish word from inside does more harm than a hundred thousand foolish words from outside. The latter he has already learned to expect, like blind hail or rain beating on the Ark; but the voices from within, even the most casual and accidental, he is already prepared to regard as holy or more than human; and though this is unfair to people who only profess to be human beings, it is a fact that Catholics ought to remember. There is many a convert who has reached a stage at which no word from any Protestant or pagan could any longer hold him back. Only the word of a Catholic can keep him from Catholicism." Page 55. What Christ died for is in every way too fine for even the shadows of flippancy, at least on the part of those within the fold!

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CONVERSION** is one of the books which do not tire, and become more and more pithy after several readings. It is fine reading for Catholics, because it is controversy with the controversy left out. It should be most helpful to fair-minded non-Catholics. It will add to their fair-mindedness towards the under-dog who will not stay under.

**THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.** By E. Sylvester Berry, D.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$3.00.

This dogmatic and apologetic treatise is the outgrowth of lectures delivered to the clerical student body in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., where the author holds the chair of apologetics. Originally delivered in Latin, the matter of this volume has been cast into English. It is hoped that through this medium it will serve a wider utility.

While this book is primarily intended as a reference book for seminarians and busy priests on the missions, the author has in view a reading public among the laity. The detailed explanations and simplicity of language justify this view.

The work is divided into two parts. The first part, Apologetic, contains four chapters treating of the Origin of the Church, the Attributes of the Church, the Properties of the Church, and the Marks of the Church.

The second part, Dogmatic, has thirteen chapters which treat of the Membership of the Church, the Authority and Rulers of the Church, the Primacy of Peter and his successors, the Episcopacy, Infallibility, and the Church and State.

So far as we know there is no other book quite like

## THE † SIGN

this in the English. It is a book that requires study and will repay study. We suggest to our readers that even if they would not care to read this work or are incapable of appreciating it themselves, they might do well to give it to any non-Catholic clergyman of their acquaintance.

In view of the widespread misunderstanding on the part of millions of American citizens concerning the relations of Church and State, we venture to make the suggestion that the author recast his chapter under that heading in more popular style and have it issued in pamphlet form.

**RETREAT CONFERENCES FOR RELIGIOUS SISTERHOODS.** By The Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.75.

The twenty-three conferences that make up this book are a selection from the very many delivered by author over a long period of time. Actually living the religious life, and having exercised the offices of retreat-master and confessor to religious sisterhoods throughout an extensive ministry, Father Skelly is eminently fitted to produce a practical book that will prove of great benefit as a help in the life of the counsels. The conferences are, for the most part, built upon the big texts that treat of Salvation, Sin, Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven. The subject-matter is presented in a concise and logical manner. The

language is quite simple and unaffected. A spirit of evident sincerity pervades the book. The author promises three other spiritual books on condition that the present work proves an acceptable addition to our ascetical literature.

**THE PRIEST AND HIS MISSION.** By Rt. Rev. D. I. Lanslot. O. S. B. Frederick Pustet Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

In clear, simple style the author of this book on the priesthood explains the proper mission of the priest and the qualities demanded of him for the proper discharge of his duties. Nor does he stop with this. He explains the marks of the true vocation, the signs of the non-vocation and wisely answers objections. The hundred eucharistic crumbs at the end of the book showing the analogy between the priest and the Holy Eucharist is well worked out and would make a fine pamphlet.

We recommend this book to priests, to aspirants to the sacred calling and to parents of likely candidates as abundantly worthwhile. The priest will find it filled with inspiration; the seminarian will reap abundant information from its perusal; parents of young sons will find in it proper direction for the guidance of their young boys in the formation of a true priestly character.

## *"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained."* (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

We publicly tender our sincere thanks to Monsignor McGlinchey, Director of the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Boston, who sent us \$1,500 for the famine-stricken. The Monsignor has proven himself a loyal and generous benefactor of the Passionist Missions.

(Donations continued from the March issue.)

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
OF  
**Highland Trust Company**

of New Jersey  
Summit Avenue and Seventh Street  
(TRANSFER STATION)  
UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31st, 1926

**ASSETS**

U. S. Government Bonds . . .	\$ 342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds . .	261,502.48
Railroad Bonds and other Stocks and Bonds . . . . .	1,214,462.76
First Mortgage on Real Estate . .	2,233,958.25
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,233,958.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	321,094.16
Accrued Interest Receivable . . .	69,864.20
Real Estate, Furniture & Fixtures .	81,001.00

\$5,854,099.28

**LIABILITIES**

Capital . . . . .	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . .	248,757.95
Unearned Discount . . . . .	4,539.92
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, etc. .	7,893.31
Bills Payable . . . . .	200,000.00
Reserved for Dividend No. 31 . . .	7,500.00
Deposits . . . . .	5,085,408.10

\$5,854,099.28

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MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

**After Death:** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

*L*ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

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